The Politics of Eliot and Pound *Marjorie G. Perloff*

RITTER LIBRARY
BALDWIN-WALLACE
COLLEGE

NR LB 0BALDWP069 1 0974
RITTER LIB PERIODICALS
BALDWIN WALLACE COLL
BEREA OH10
44017
NEWSPAPER

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts—March 16, 1974, 50 cents

IMPEACHMENT
THE EDITORS

That Bulging Briefcase
Nathan Lewin

Nixon and the Indictments
John Osborne

Campaign Kitties
Walter Pincus

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

[A] Rider Waite Tarot Deck
$5.00

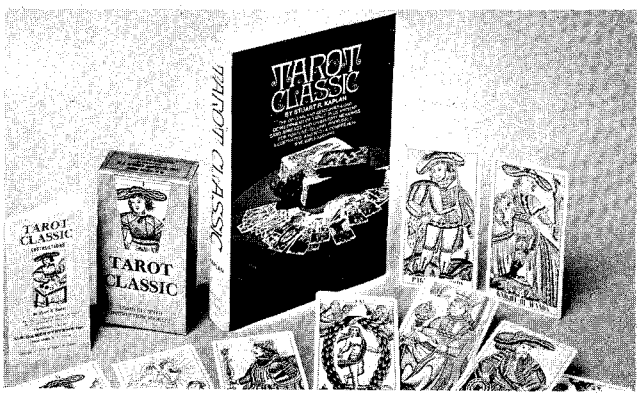
THE FUTURE?

The future. Many wonderful things lie in wait for you in the future. New friends. Travel. Money. Adventure. Fame. Popularity. Happiness. Love.

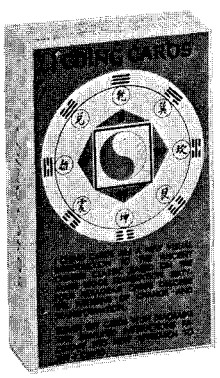
Since the late fourteenth century tarot cards have been unlocking the future for millions of people.

Ancient tarot cards and their symbolic pictures are truly fascinating.

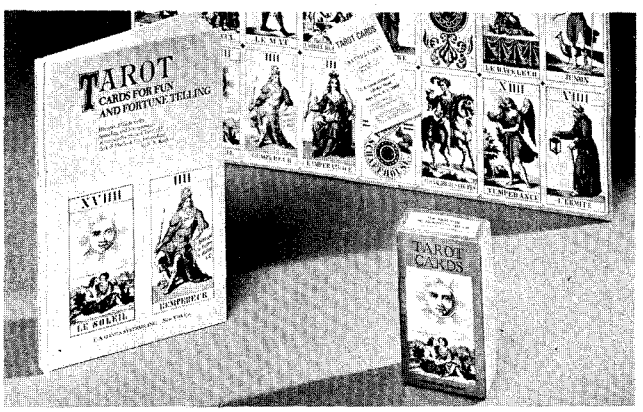
Select the tarot deck which suits you best. Tarot books by Stuart R. Kaplan, America's leading tarot authority.



[B] Tarot Classic Deck $5.00 [C] Tarot Classic Book $5.95

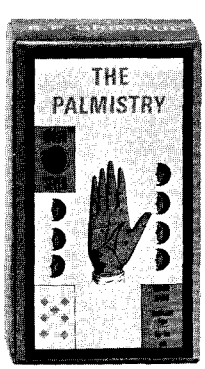


[D] I Ching Deck $5.00



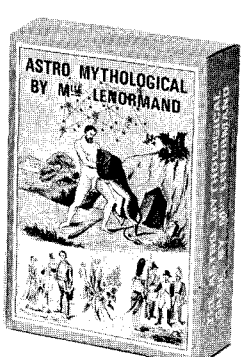
[E] Tarot Fun Book and 1JJ Tarot Deck $8.00

[F] Tarot of Marseilles Deck
$6.00

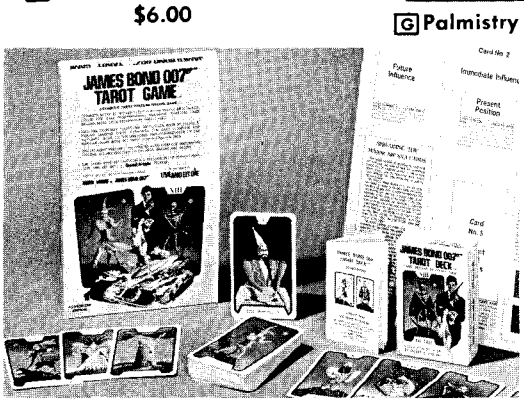


[G] Palmistry Deck $5.00

Whether you take tarot cards seriously or look upon them as a game — U.S. Games Systems, the world's foremost publisher of tarot cards, offers you the largest selection of authentic tarot decks, books and games for every purpose.



[H] Grand Lenormand Deck
$6.00



[J] James Bond 007 Tarot Game $8.00

[K] Etteilla Tarot Deck
$6.00

[M] SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER FOR $1.50

Millions of Americans are again enjoying James Bond in United Artists' "Live and Let Die". Purchase any two items from this ad and receive the complete JAMES BOND 007 TAROT GAME as seen in the movie for only $1.50. (An $8.00 value!)

AMAZING TAROT CARDS READINGS YOU CAN DO

Mail to: U.S. GAMES SYSTEMS, INC. Suite S,
350 South Kellogg
Goleta, CA 93017

Please rush me the following: I have enclosed:

- ☐ [A] $5.00 for Rider-Waite Deck ☐ Check
- ☐ [B] $5.00 for Tarot Classic Deck ☐ M.O.
- ☐ [C] $5.95 for Tarot Classic Book
- ☐ [D] $5.00 for I Ching Deck
- ☐ [E] $8.00 for Tarot Fun Book and 1JJ Tarot Deck
- ☐ [F] $6.00 for Tarot of Marseilles Deck
- ☐ [G] $5.00 for Palmistry Deck
- ☐ [H] $6.00 for Grand Lenormand Deck
- ☐ [J] $8.00 for James Bond Tarot Game
- ☐ [K] $6.00 for Etteilla Tarot Deck
- ☐ [M] $1.50 Special Offer. I have purchased 2 items from this ad. Send Bond Game for $1.50.

Sorry No C.O.D.'s

Add 45¢ shipping for each item ordered.
TOTAL:_____

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____STATE_____ZIP_____

1894 18705

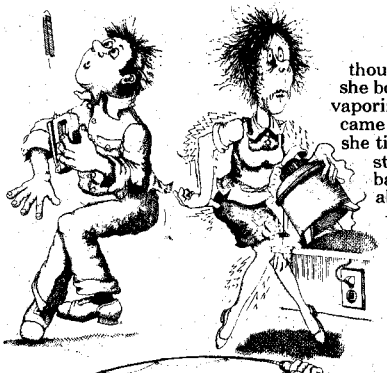
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ten little losers, standing in a line. One bought our magazine. Then there were nine.

To save time, Al bought an electronic minicalculator for his personal bookkeeping. But he really miscalculated when he overlooked the model with more convenient operation—at $50 *less!*

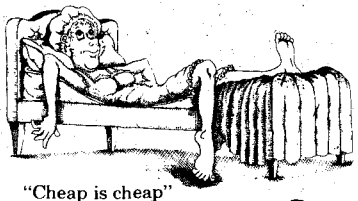
Betty selected a well-known air conditioner for her living room. But she lost her cool when *Consumer Reports* pointed out that for just $30 more, she could have bought a model that was not only quieter—but used 25% *less* power!

Charlie was just too rushed to check with *Consumer Reports* before he bought his new staple gun. So his $15 bought him a lot more than he bargained for: a model that was hard to load, jammed easily—and presented a safety hazard, too!



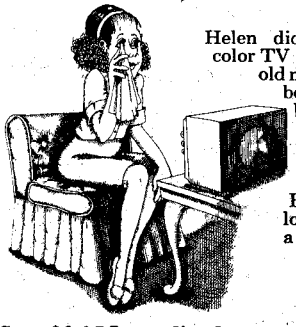
Dora never gave a thought to safety when she bought her $8 steam vaporizer . . . so the truth came as a shock the day she tilted it while it was still plugged in. Too bad she didn't know about a *safer* model —for the same $8!

George thought fly-casting might be fun—and plunged into it with a fancy $45 rod. The model that would have performed just as well? A Consumer Reports "Best Buy" at just $14!



"Cheap is cheap" muttered Flora, when her bargain $120 innerspring mattress started to sag. She could have enjoyed a more durable model (rated a "Best Buy" in *Consumer Reports*) for the same $120!

Ed walked away whistling about the deal he got on a new $350 stereo receiver. But he changed his tune when he found *five* models in *Consumer Reports* that could have been "best buys" for him—all costing about $100 *less!*



Helen didn't need a color TV just to watch old movies, so she bought a 19" black-and-white set for the den. How could she know Errol Flynn would look better on a set that cost $40 *less?*

Ira figured his new $39 extension ladder *had* to be good. But the ladder proved as shaky as his reasoning. Too bad he didn't consult *Consumer Reports*. He could have bought a *steadier* model—at $6 *less!*

Jim finally decided he'd *had* it with garden hoses that kinked or burst, exterior wood stains that chalked and mildewed, can-openers that didn't open cans, 'bargain' vacation tours that were anything but, rancid frozen-fish fillets, and 'convenience' appliances that caused more problems than they solved. He subscribed to *Consumer Reports*.

Save $3.25 Immediately

If you'd like to win a few for a change subscribe to *Consumer Reports* now. In all, you will receive the next 11 regular 60¢ issues of *Consumer Reports* beginning with the brand new 1974 Buying Guide Issue.

Future issues of *Consumer Reports* will review hundreds of products, and will continue to expose false advertising claims, warn you against hazardous products and press for stronger consumer legislation.

By entering your subscription now you will also receive *free* The Medicine Show regularly $2 as a gift. If purchased separately all this amounts to an $11.25 value—an immediate savings of $3.25 over the newsstand price. In view of what you know of *Consumer Reports*—a very significant buy.

FREE with your subscription, the 272-page book

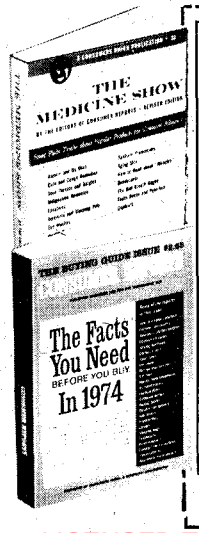
THE MEDICINE SHOW

Do you know whether antihistamines have proved of value against the common cold? Whether most skin ailments are better off without the medical agents found in hundreds of over-the-counter remedies? THE MEDICINE SHOW tells you . . . and goes on to evaluate—by brand name—scores of over-the-counter drugs, cosmetics, even prescription medicines. It belongs in your home . . . because it can save you a lot more than just money.

Your first issue is the brand new 448-page

1974 CONSUMER REPORTS BUYING GUIDE ISSUE

Gives you ratings of 2,000 models of products. Many are rated comparatively; general buying guidance is given for all.



THIS COUPON BRINGS YOU AN $11.25 VALUE FOR JUST $8.00 YOU SAVE $3.25

HERE'S HOW:

YOU GET the next 12 issues of *Consumer Reports*, beginning with the brand new *Buying Guide Issue* for 1974. Total Newsstand price **$ 9.25**

YOU GET the 272-page book, *The Medicine Show* as a bonus. Regularly .... **$ 2.00**

TOTAL $11.25

YOU PAY ONLY $ 8.00

YOU SAVE $ 3.25

CONSUMERS UNION,
350 South Kellogg, Suite S, Goleta, CA 93017

Please enter my subscription to *Consumer Reports* for a full year (12 issues) at just $8.00 and bill me later. I understand my subscription will begin with the brand new 1974 *Consumer Reports Buying Guide Issue*, and that I will receive a copy of the 272-page book, *The Medicine Show* (worth $2.00) as a bonus.

NAME (please print)

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

If you wish you may benefit from the reduced rate for two or three years. Simply check the period you prefer:

☐ 2 years—$14.00 ☐ 3 years—$18

If you prefer to pay for your subscription now, mail this coupon with your payment in an envelope. You may cancel at any time, and receive full credit or refund for the undelivered portion of your subscription.

3 026 | 1 | 8 | 7 | 0 | 5

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRB

from Washington
March 16, 1974

Hamilton, Madison And St. Clair

I can imagine them, the Founding Fathers, sitting around the great fireplace of some low-ceilinged Olympian tavern, smoking church-warden pipes and thoroughly outraged by the 61-page brief on impeachment written in behalf of Mr. Nixon by Boston lawyer James St. Clair. The thrust of the brief is that a President may only be impeached for an indictable crime—a very serious crime, and a crime committed in connection with official duties. (Not, for example, for failing to pay income tax.)

The answer to which is gadzooks, oddbodkins, baloney!

The striking thing about the St. Clair brief is that statements by Founding Fathers contradicting this interpretation are omitted. Further, the framers are made to appear dopes. That little business of 1776, it seems, was not directed against George III but against "parliamentary supremacy" (for which read Congress, and particularly the present House of Representatives) and the bogey of congressional usurpation. The St. Clair brief shows some signs of panic. It won't convince the House where a trend to impeachment is appearing (yes, the first in 106 years) but it is directed to a possible fall-back, die-hard group in the Senate where it takes one-third plus one to convict.

Those Founding Fathers; if they were around they would have their favorite newspapers: *The Pennsylvania Packet, Masfachusetts Centinel, New York Daily Advertiser, Virginia Gazette* and the like. We might note an odd accent; the Yankees say "dew" for do, and "tew" for too. Mostly they say "desarve" for deserve, as well as "obleege" and "deef." At table, Roger Sherman from Connecticut might ask Dr. Franklin to pass the "cranberry sass." But one thing would impress us at once: they have knowledge and authority and their conversation has a blithe intellectual play.

They would have begun the St. Clair brief with lively anticipation, relishing the handiwork of a White House lawyer to protect his client by narrowing "impeachable offense" to some kind of crime punishable in a court of law, and wondering how he would deal with their own various contrary statements. The answer is he didn't deal with them; he didn't mention them.

Imagine handsome, haughty Alexander Hamilton there in the Olympian tavern—getting bulletins on the impeachment inquiry over some kind of transcendental shortwave, and finding his famous comment in Federalist Paper No. 65 omitted. It would send him into a pet. Hamilton wrote that impeachment applies to "those offenses which proceed from the misconduct of public men or, in other words, from the abuse or violation of some public trust. They are of a nature which may with peculiar propriety be denominated POLITICAL [Hamilton's emphasis] as they relate chiefly to injuries done immediately to society itself."

"Misconduct," "public trust"—it couldn't be much broader.

Then take James Madison, the little man called Jemmy by friends, the foremost author of the Constitution. He explained impeachment to fellow members of the First Congress. (Chief Justice Taft long after wrote that constitutional decisions of the First Congress "have always been regarded, as they should be regarded, as of the greatest weight in the interpretation of that fundamental instrument.")

What said Madison? That the executive must at all costs have power to remove subordinates since it makes him responsible for them: "Subject him to impeachment himself, if he suffers them to perpetrate with impunity high crimes or misdemeanors against the United States, or neglects to superintend their conduct, so as to check their excesses. . . ."

Excesses? Did Mr. Nixon check Haldeman, Ehrlichman, Mitchell and Colson? So much for Madison. St. Clair does not dispute him. He does not mention him.

But the White House brief twits "broad constructionists." They favor, it asserts snidely, "a severely weakened Chief Executive." They are the ones who argue "that certain noncriminal 'political' offenses may justify impeachment."

Dangerous people, these men who would impeach for political offenses! So let me offer testimony from a judicial figure, dressed in black, James Wilson, one man of six who signed both Declaration and Constitution. He sat on the original Supreme Court and wrote his famous "Lectures on Law" to explicate the document. Scholar's spectacles low on nose, at the club he would recite his celebrated comment, "Impeachments in the United States are confined to political characters, to political crimes and misdemeanors, and to political punishments."

"Political," it should be said, 200 years ago meant the business of government and did not pertain to partisanship or party. James Wilson was a "broad constructionist." Rather subversive, these Founding Fathers.

This extraordinary brief will interest scholars in years to come as they mark the course of the Nixon defense. The Founding Fathers would have understood; they were shrewd lawyers. What does a good advocate do with a weak case? He raises irrelevancies. From the start White House strategy has been to delay and obstruct, and now it seeks to entangle the House impeachment inquiry in a web of technicalities. Mr. Nixon hopes that foreign policy successes will bail him out. His plight grows more desperate all the time. He was forced to tell last week's press conference that there may be "different interpretations" of what he said to John Dean on the mysterious taped conversation that was to exonerate him.

The framers put impeachment in the Constitution. They would smile to see moderns rediscovering it and digging out their old phrases. "This man St. Clair," you can imagine them saying, "would rather face a brace of Monongahela wildcats than admit we left a 'bridle' for the executive in our handiwork."

They weren't so old-fashioned. Names like Ephraim, Caleb, Abijiah, Ezekiel yield to Jaworski, Sirica, Rodino and the foreman of the cover-up grand jury, Vladimir Pregelj. The framers would understand. For their day they were pretty modern. Yes, if somebody called out in the Olympian tavern, "Our transcendental shortwave has broken down! When we dial A.D. 1974 we get only a blur. Is there an electrician in the house?" I know what would happen.

"Here, sir, coming!" cries Dr. Franklin.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC *A Journal of Politics and the Arts, Vol. 170, No. 11, Issue 3088, March 16, 1974. Published weekly (except the issues of January 12, July 13, August 10 and August 24) and distributed by* The New Republic, *1244 19th Street, N.W., Washington, DC 20036. Phone 331-7494. Single copy, 50¢; Yearly subscription, $15; foreign, $18; armed forces personnel or students, $10. Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies and changes of address to Subscription Department,* The New Republic, *381 West Center Street, Marion, Ohio 43302.* *Copyright 1974 by Harrison-Blaine of New Jersey, Inc. Item g.* *Second class postage paid at Washington, DC and additional mailing offices. Indexed in Reader's Guide.*

Contents

1-10 Comment
The Impeachment of Mr. Nixon, The Oil Broil, No Mandate, Bread and Meat, We'll Call You
10 Free Ride: Making Public Transit Work—*Peter J. Ognibene*
11 The Nixon Watch: Indictments—*John Osborne*
13 That Bulging Briefcase—*Nathan Lewin*
16 Campaign Kitties—*Walter Pincus*
18 Vietnam: Legacy of Desolation—*Stanley Karnow*
20 Films—*Stanley Kauffmann*
21 Books—Reviews by *Marjorie G. Perloff, Norman J. Gallo, H. D. Harootunian, Ivan Sanders, Michele Murray, Regina Barnes, Clarence C. Walton, Foster Hirsch, Richard Horwich, James Gilbert*
32 Poems—*Etta Blum, Sara Miles*
32 Fine Print—*Doris Grumbach*

The Staff

Editor-in-Chief—Gilbert A. Harrison
Managing Editor—David Sanford
Executive Editor—Walter Pincus
Literary Editor—Doris Grumbach
Associate Editors—John Osborne, Stanley Karnow, Eliot Marshall
Assistant to the Editors—Gwen Somers
Assistant to the Literary Editor—Rachel Roth Baker
Contributing Editors:
Alexander M. Bickel, Robert Brustein, Robert Coles, Joseph Featherstone, Gerald W. Johnson, Peter J. Ognibene, John Seelye, Melville J. Ulmer, Allen S. Whiting, Paul R. Wieck
Films and Theater—Stanley Kauffmann
West Coast Editor—Peter Barnes
Production Manager—Mary Henninger
Assistant Production Manager—Ellen Cochran Hicks
Publisher—Robert J. Myers
Circulation Manager—Elizabeth A. Scanlan
Business Manager—Pearl Wilmer Ramsey
Assistant Business Manager—Constance Cole Twining
New Republic Feature Syndicate—Cherryl Holt
Advertising and Promotion—Ilene Briggin Kahane
Receptionist—Ruby McGowan

The Impeachment Of Mr. Nixon

The question before the House is: what did the President know and do about illegal or grossly improper conduct? Before we comment on that question, there are some preliminary observations that should be made. We have noted some disposition—Senate minority leader Hugh Scott comes to mind—to limit liability for what is being exposed and the significance of it. Those so disposed do not defend burglary, perjury, illicit wiretapping or any exchange of White House favors for cash in Republican accounts. Instead they seek to exculpate Mr. Nixon on grounds that he has not yet been incontrovertibly implicated; they mean tried and found guilty, and of course they are right. But public opinion should beware of this attempt at exoneration. A President who is not vigilant, intolerant and if necessary disagreeable in directing, exposing and defeating fraud is at least guilty of irresponsibility, and the blame for its occurrence ought not to be imputed entirely to "misguided" or "overzealous" subordinates. A negative liability of this kind exists with regard to Watergate, and the liability is not only the President's. The number of highly placed officials who, for the benefit of their party or their administration or their careers must have shut their eyes, quieted scruples, stifled inquiries and fixed their attention on less embarrassing matters are many and important. It is highly doubtful whether those now under indictment and others to come could have consummated their crimes, if indeed they are found guilty, except in an atmosphere permissive of skulduggery, an atmosphere in which officials from the President on down were, if not positively mendacious, insufficiently inquisitive, solicitous or scrupulous.

There is a further preliminary thought. In the high cause of defending the integrity and independence of the presidency, Mr. Nixon has time and again blocked the path of fact-finders. The people should have no illusions about the meaning of this, or of Mr. Nixon's early attempts to confuse the demand for disclosure of all pertinent information with partisan attacks on his person or threats to the national security. The gentlemen who charge that their more inquisitive fellow countrymen are "out to get" Mr. Nixon and are trying to panic the country into a call for impeachment, are prompted chiefly by one object. They hope to use the office of the President as a sanctuary in which to conceal ugly facts which, divulged, would throw too much

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

light upon the ways and means of this administration. If these people do what they wish, they will injure something more necessary to vital government than the prestige of the presidential office. They will, if successful, deprive public opinion of confidence in the sources from which its information is supposed to come. A public opinion that is uninformed, misinformed, uneasy and suspicious is almost certain to act intemperately, hastily and destructively. It is only a public opinion that has reason to believe it is not being deceived, which can afford to be discriminating and composed.

Much of the current debate over impeachable offenses is academic. The *political* reality as we see it is that no articles of impeachment are likely to be voted by the House that do not meet the standard proposed by White House defense lawyer James D. St. Clair. That standard would require that the President be charged with an indictable criminal offense; not only that, but a grave crime relating to the conduct of the President's office, thus presumably excluding garden variety tax cheating, for which only civil penalties are imposed. The St. Clair standard is deficient in our judgment, but adequate to the occasion. It is deficient because it is unjustifiably narrow in at least two respects. First, it takes no account of the fact that the President is in a position to commit high crimes and misdemeanors—abuses of power—of which he alone is capable, for which he ought to be held accountable, but which are not defined in the criminal code. Secondly, the President is not indictable for ordinary crimes for which other people *can* be indicted and tried. For such crimes he must therefore be impeachable; otherwise, like some emperor of the Roman decline, he is above all law.

The House Judiciary Committee report tends to err in the opposite direction from Mr. St. Clair. It gives too little weight to the fundamental principle that the presidency is not dependent on the confidence of Congress but is answerable politically to its own constituency, and then only quadrennially. This is the basic notion of separation of powers. Impeachment, of course, is the imposition of another sort of accountability, cutting across separation of powers; it is an indispensable safeguard, but its use should be limited. The framers of the Constitution did not go to elaborate lengths to establish the presidency, as well as the judiciary, as separate and independent institutions only then through the impeachment clause to make them responsible to Congress and thus assure the supremacy of the legislature, as in a parliamentary system. It follows that all manner of political and administrative errors, omissions, misdeeds and disasters, and even various acts of reaching for power on the basis of dubious but debatable constructions of the Constitution—must not be made grounds for impeachment.

All this, however, as noted before, is largely irrelevant to the practical matter of Mr. Nixon's impeachment. For what is beyond reasonable dispute—even by the President's lawyers—is that if the evidence persuades that Nixon was a knowing participant or conniver in conspiracy to obstruct justice, whatever transparent veil of national security the conspiracy tried to disguise itself under, he is impeachable. If the evidence shows that the President ordered or connived in wiretapping or other invasions of privacy for personal or partisan purposes under circumstances that afforded not so much as a pretext of national security, he is impeachable. So he is also by the plain text of the Constitution, if he knowingly traded favors for money, although this may prove the most difficult to support. These are the charges that strike most directly at the Nixon presidency. If they can be substantiated, there will be no need to philosophize about the outer reaches of impeachable offenses. If the evidence fails to support even one of these charges, then an effort to impeach should fail in the Senate.

What does the record to date tell us? We begin with conspiracy to obstruct justice in the Watergate case, as outlined in the recent indictment of the President's top assistants. That charge includes: money covertly raised and distributed to the Watergate trial defendants; offers of leniency, executive clemency and other benefits made to these same defendants and others; documents and tape recordings that were removed, concealed, altered and destroyed. At what points and to what degree was the President implicated?

Sometime between March 13 and March 21, 1973, President Nixon was made aware that one of the Watergate defendants, E. Howard Hunt, wanted $120,000 prior to his being sentenced. Hunt, who had participated in the White House-authorized September 1971 break-in of Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist's office, that week sent messages to White House counsel John Wesley Dean and former Nixon special counsel Charles W. Colson that he, Hunt, was prepared to talk about "seamy activities" he had undertaken for the White House if he did not receive money.

On March 17, 1973 Dean and the President discussed the Ellsberg break-in—almost certainly in connection with Hunt's demand. Three days later, according to former Nixon aide John Ehrlichman, he—Ehrlichman—learned of "the Hunt blackmail attempt" and talked it over that day or the next with the President. On March 21 Dean again discussed Hunt's demands for money with the President. H. R. Haldeman, the White House staff chief, was present during part of that discussion. After the meeting broke up about noon, Haldeman called John Mitchell in New York. That afternoon Mitchell authorized a payment of $75,000 to Hunt and the money was turned over later that night. On March 22 Ehrlichman was told by Mitchell that Hunt was no longer a "problem." The evening of March 22 according to convicted Watergate burglar James McCord, *he*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was called by a former White House aide and offered $100,000 in cash to cover his bail.

What the President said to Dean that March week with regard to payments to defendants—and particularly this final payment to Hunt—should show the extent of his participation in this phase of the cover-up. According to Haldeman the President said paying money to Hunt "would be wrong." The grand jury has charged that Haldeman's statement was perjury, which suggests that the tape the grand jury has heard does not reflect the President's saying that. The President in a press conference last August recalled he told Dean on March 21 that paying money to Hunt "would be wrong, it won't work. . . ." Last week Mr. Nixon modified his recollection: "I then said that to *pay clemency* was wrong. In fact I think I can quote it directly. I said it is wrong, that's for sure." Whatever was said, we know the President did not stop the payment that went to Hunt on March 21, or apparently an offer to McCord the following evening.

Next, Ehrlichman testified that in July 1972 the President told him he wanted "no one in the White House to get into this whole area of clemency with anybody involved in this [Watergate] case, and surely not make any assurances to anyone." Ehrlichman was never asked why the subject of clemency arose when it did, less than a month after the Watergate break-in and before any indictments had been brought against Hunt or Liddy, the two former White House employees. On January 3 and 4, 1973 clemency was again a White House topic. Colson met both days with William Bittman, Hunt's lawyer, and Ehrlichman and Dean met January 4 with then Attorney General Richard Kleindienst and discussed prospects for leniency. Dean has testified that on two later occasions, March 13 and April 15, 1973, the President said he had offered Hunt clemency and that he had spoken to Colson about it. The White House tapes of meetings and phone calls covering those two January 1973 days are prime evidence as to what the President did say.

On June 20, 1972, three days after the break-in, the President and Haldeman discussed Watergate, and the White House tape of their conversation was subpoenaed by the grand jury on July 23, 1973. In a letter that day to Chairman Sam Ervin of the Senate Watergate Committee, the President said the tapes were under his "*sole personal control, and will remain so.*" Four months later White House lawyers disclosed in court that 18.5 minutes of the subpoenaed June 20 tape had been obliterated. Testimony in Judge John Sirica's court indicated the obliteration occurred while the tapes were under the President's control, with access limited to a few of his closest aides. Further investigation may determine how the obliteration was done and when or whether the President was aware of it.

Wiretapping carried out for political rather than national security purposes is of course an abuse of power; it is also a crime. And if the President has sanctioned that conduct he has committed an impeachable offense. The circumstances are suspicious. Beginning in May 1969 and running through February 1971, the FBI conducted wiretaps on 17 people. It was done on instructions from Mr. Nixon, purportedly to pin down the source or sources of unauthorized disclosures of national security information. Among the first nine individuals to have his home phone tapped was Morton Halperin, then an assistant to Henry Kissinger on the staff of the National Security Council. Halperin resigned on September 19, 1969, though he remained available for consultation until May 1970, the time of the Cambodian invasion. In late 1970 and early 1971 Halperin served as an informal adviser to Sen. Muskie, then a prospective opponent of Mr. Nixon in the 1972 presidential campaign. For 21 months Halperin's phone was tapped, though during at least eight of those months he had no connection with the government. According to the FBI, regular summaries of the taps were sent to White House chief of staff H. R. Haldeman, who told the Watergate committee that the summaries were passed on to Nixon.

Though the Halperin tap was kept on longest, his was not the only one with dubious justification on national security grounds. Two White House domestic aides, James W. McLane and John P. Sears, neither of whom had anything to do with sensitive national security matters, were tapped. William Safire, then a White House speech writer, who may have had access to some diplomatic negotiation material, was tapped. And in June 1969 Ehrlichman, with Mr. Nixon's approval, ordered a tap placed on the home telephone of columnist Joseph Kraft. John Dean says that then FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover refused to do it, so the White House went ahead on its own. The tap was installed, briefly, but revealed nothing since Kraft was in Europe at the time. Ehrlichman maintained in Senate testimony that the tap had a national security purpose. However former Special Watergate Prosecutor Archibald Cox has suggested that some evidence gained from study of these wiretaps indicates they may have been placed "not only for the harassment of those whose phones were bugged but also . . . for the purpose of gaining political intelligence."

We come finally to the solicitation or acceptance of money in return for influence on presidential decisions or policymaking. Proving a *quid pro quo* for a "campaign contribution" is difficult. If it is proven, and the President's complicity is shown, another cause for impeachment will have been established.

In 1969 and 1970 Richard Danner of the Hughes corporate organization gave two $50,000 contributions in cash to the President's best friend, Charles "Bebe" Rebozo. The Hughes money, delivered at San Clemente and Key Biscayne, went to Rebozo instead of the normal fund-raisers, because the donor, Howard Hughes, wanted to deal with men at the top. He could

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not get to the very top, because the President reportedly never personally accepted political contributions. At the time the gifts were made, the Hughes empire had problems with the federal government ranging from antitrust actions before the Justice Department to stock trades at the Securities and Exchange Commission to Hughes' desire that atomic testing be ended in Nevada. According to Rebozo the $100,000 was placed in a safe deposit box in his bank and not touched. In May 1972 the Internal Revenue Service learned of the money from Mr. Danner and a year later, May 19, 1973, with the Watergate cover-up disintegrating, Rebozo called Danner to Washington to talk about returning the money. Danner went to Camp David the following day and met with the President. Shortly thereafter $100,000 in cash went back to Hughes.

The Hughes contribution is not the only one that came close to the President. The milk producers' pledge of more than one million dollars to Mr. Nixon's 1972 campaign was made known to Mr. Nixon before he met with that group in March 1971, when they were pleading to have the government support price raised. It was. In 1970 the President's personal attorney and fund-raiser, Herbert Kalmbach, received $50,000 as a contribution from J. Fife Symington, then ambassador to Trinidad and Tobago, who wanted an embassy in Western Europe. Kalmbach did not deliver the post and Symington was offered his money back. What other large contributors *did* get what they paid for? And who approved the arrangement? The President had to sign each nomination.

We have tried to distinguish between presidential irresponsibility and impeachability. The irresponsibility of Mr. Nixon seems to us demonstrated. Evidence of his complicity in impeachable acts is what the House Judiciary Committee is assembling and will assess. Did he know of wrongdoing, was he a party to it, did he connive in concealing it? If the answer to any of these questions is yes, the committee must draw up articles of impeachment. The House does not try the President; it decides whether the allegations against him are sufficiently proved and serious to justify indictment. In that sense it performs the task of a grand jury. It is then left to the Senate to weigh the arguments of the President's defenders and accusers and render judgment on his remaining in office.

The Oil Broil

The fuss and fury over the emergency energy bill, passed by Congress on February 27, is a sham and the bill itself isn't much better. The hottest debate centers on a provision that would supposedly have rolled back the "inequitable prices" for crude oil and oil products set by the big companies today. We're told that this was the chief reason the President vetoed the bill on March 6. The rollback section boldly promised to pass on savings directly to the consumer in lower gasoline and heating oil prices. What would that have meant in dollars and cents? Several groups, including economists in the Federal Energy Office, concluded that the big saving would have come to about 2.4 cents on the average gallon of gas under the best conditions, and 1.5 cents a gallon under the President's probable interpretation of the bill—hardly enough to raise a cheer. Since last year, gasoline prices have risen an average 10 cents a gallon.

COMING: A tribute to Robert Frost on the 100th anniversary of his birth

The price rollback was advertised by its supporters as a device to keep oil company profits at a reasonable level. It was attacked by its enemies as a disincentive to exploration. Neither is right. The detractors say a rollback would discourage domestic oil exploration by removing the profit incentive and draining away money that's needed to build new refineries, pipelines and offshore rigs. This is nonsense. Under its more lenient interpretation, the one the President would undoubtedly have used, the bill required a rollback of crude oil prices from around $10 a barrel to $7.08 a barrel. This applied to only 21.5 percent of our total oil supply. About 52.5 percent of our oil is already being held at the price of $5.25 a barrel by the government, and the rest is foreign and uncontrollable, selling for about $10 a barrel. The bill proposed no change for 78.5 percent of our oil. Consider that a year ago, *all* oil was selling for about $3.40 a barrel: it doesn't take college calculus to figure that anyone selling oil now (whether for $5.25, $7.08 or $10 a barrel) is making money. Even the energy office says that uncontrolled domestic oil (now selling for $10 a barrel) is overpriced, and has suggested a rollback to $7.88—just 80

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cents short of the rollback Congress wanted.

The administration objected to the rollback on the principle that it is wrong to legislate any specific price ceiling. The point is well taken. When Congress passed the Economic Stabilization Act in 1970, it didn't try to put price tags on cars and radios, define "reasonable profit" or establish fair wages for miners and executives. It didn't even try to define a reasonable rate of inflation. It left such details to the executive branch, because the economic controls were intended to be temporary, experimental and flexible. Controlling prices is an administrative task, requiring hordes of survey-takers, statisticians, inspectors and enforcers. Congress could attack profits more directly if it would repeal some of its own gifts to big oil, beginning with the depletion allowance.

No Mandate

Symptoms of chronic political instability are worldwide, visible in democratic and in totalitarian states. The election in Britain produced no clearcut majority. Italy and Belgium are without governments and see little prospect of getting a popular consensus. West German Chancellor Willy Brandt's Social Democrats are in trouble, as the Hamburg state legislative elections revealed the other day, and there is scant hope for the regime of French President Georges Pompidou, who is reported to be incurably ill; with the general gone, the Gaullists exist in name only. Golda Meir last week quit and then almost immediately returned to head a fragile coalition. Prime Minister Indira Gandhi is turning to the Communists to keep her Congress party in office in key Indian states. The Chinese leaders, who have held power longer than anyone, face difficulties. And here at home neither the President nor the Congress has the confidence of even a third of the public.

It would be missing the mark to attribute this unraveling of authority to a single cause. In some places, such as France, Spain and China, would-be leaders compete to succeed sick or old rulers, but the successor factions show no signs of being able to restore unity once they take over. Inflation and industrial dislocations, aggravated by the energy crisis, have weakened Britain, Italy and other West European nations, yet alternative regimes seem to have no plausible remedies. Tradition loses its grip, community its cohesion. Political parties splinter and dissipate their energies. In the US the Democratic and Republican parties are loose arrangements based on temporary self-interest and diverse social policies, but at least we are not yet plagued by a multiplicity of parties.

The international power equilibrium envisaged by Secretary of State Henry Kissinger thus becomes increasingly hard to balance. The disarray of Western Europe, largely a reflection of internal strains, served a few weeks ago to stunt Kissinger's efforts to shape a common energy policy. The shakiness of Mrs. Meir's cabinet may inhibit a Middle East settlement. China's domestic uncertainties are bound to have an effect on East Asia. We know, because the evidence is all about us, that the human race is less and less governable. But we do not know why or what's to be done about it.

Bread and Meat

It looks as if the US will finish the current consumption year with about 178 million bushels of wheat on hand (the annual rate of domestic consumption is estimated at 772 million bushels). A lot of it is stored in remote areas (over 40 million bushels in Montana alone), where it is increasingly difficult to get the box cars needed to ship it. Weather conditions in Texas have been bad and the crop there could be a disaster making it necessary to stretch out the dwindling reserves longer and longer as the harvest moves north from Texas to Oklahoma and Kansas. The critical period for the consumer is between now and June. Meanwhile foreign speculators have been sitting on another 150 million bushels waiting for the right moment to unload. It's not impossible they'll start selling us our own wheat in early spring at prices that could raise bread to around a dollar a loaf.

How did foreign speculators get in this advantageous position, since our stores at the beginning of the consuming year were two billion bushels (1.7 billion in production last year and 300,000 in carryover)? Rep. Neal Smith (D, Iowa) has a partial explanation: "Less than two years after we sold them wheat at $1.62 per bushel, the Soviets announce that they will be selling wheat at $6 or more per bushel . . . Russia buys low and sells high and we sell low and buy high. In effect, we let others control reserves and we voluntarily end up in the same financial position as colonists did in the colonial days."

Because of exorbitantly high feed costs last winter, consumers can also look forward to ever-higher meat prices. Secretary of Agriculture Butz' figures show that the cost of the corn it took to fatten a steer doubled in 1973 (a lot of corn was also sold abroad). It cost $55.25 per hundredweight to get a steer ready for market the last quarter of 1973, compared to $40.05 the last quarter of 1972. When prices dropped to around $37 per hundredweight last December, the consumers were pleased, but cattle feeders took a beating. They lost $150 to $200 per head on a 1100-pound steer. In 1973 US beef production dropped from 22.2 million pounds to 21 million; it's expected to dip further this year. Hog

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

production has slipped from 94 million head slaughtered in 1971 to 84 million in 1972 to 76 million in 1973 and may drop below that in 1974. Hog feeders have the same cost-price problem as cattlemen; their corn prices doubled too. Butz' answer is to exhort farmers to try harder. They are. A 1974 wheat crop of two billion bushels (up from 1.7) is projected. But before it's harvested, bread and meat buyers won't be happy.

We'll Call You

Lowell Ponte, a columnist for a news syndicate, recently wrote a piece on the FBI's computer network, and asked, "Are you in the Federal Bureau of Investigation's Computerized Criminal History?" He mentioned that FBI Director Clarence Kelley favors allowing citizens to see their own record in this file, if any, and correct any mistakes. "Do not be surprised," Ponte warned, "if they report you unlisted. And do not be relieved." For there are many other computer lists kept by the FBI that are not open to scrutiny, he said, perhaps including those famous records of "political subversives" collected by the army in the '60s and lists of elementary school "pre-criminals" collected by California police. We aren't allowed to check all the FBI files, Ponte wrote, but he hoped others would soon be opened for review.

The column appeared in the *Anaheim Bulletin* of Anaheim, California on January 10, and a week later the publisher of the *Bulletin* received a call from an FBI agent in Los Angeles, 40 miles away, saying he'd like to come the following day and chat about the mistakes in the story. The agent didn't know what he was walking into, for the publisher of the *Bulletin* is a friend of Ponte. Although Ponte lives near Los Angeles and the disputed column bore a Los Angeles dateline, the local FBI office made no attempt to reach him. Instead, special agent John Morrison and Orange County senior resident agent William Carroll went to the trouble and public expense of driving 40 miles to Anaheim to see the newspaper publisher. When they arrived, Ponte said, they seemed "tongue-tied" at finding him there too, and "expressed the hope we would not misconstrue the purpose of their visit." When they began to present their criticism of the column Ponte offered to record it on tape but was turned down.

What was the purpose of their visit? They told Ponte and officials of the *Bulletin* they wanted to "explain what the FBI computer system was really like." Ponte objected that what they were really up to was intimidation. They protested strongly that this was not true and left.

Tom Harrington of the FBI's press headquarters in Washington, DC says the agents did nothing that conflicts with bureau policy, that there will be no disciplinary memo, that the agents had not used bad judgment, that the incident has not embarrassed the bureau in any way. "From time to time," Harrington says, "people write things that are off-base or just not right. It has been our custom to go to the editor or man in charge to explain our case." Lowell Ponte "was just not right. We try to approach the press on a friendly basis. We don't want to intimidate anyone; we don't think the press could be intimidated anyway. We just want to discuss things." Then why didn't the agents call Ponte? Because "he didn't talk to *us* when he wrote the column." Why didn't they write a letter to the editor like anyone else? That would have been too slow and indirect, Harrington says.

If Ponte erred, he may have erred on the side of generosity. Though the director may be committed "in principle" to opening the criminal history records to review, the FBI itself hasn't done it because "the file isn't operational yet." At the moment the open-door policy is limited to FBI fingerprint files: anyone who thinks he's on record may send five dollars and receive a copy of his fingerprint card, complete with a list of all arrests, convictions and acquittals. This he may correct. Congress is considering several bills that would extend this policy to other files, and Sen. Ervin has proposed creating an independent agency to handle requests for access to all personal government data banks.

Making Public Transit Work

Free Ride

Seattle

Last year Congress set aside a small portion of the once-sacrosanct highway trust fund to be spent on metropolitan bus and train lines, and because of the "energy crisis" that portion will be raised in the years to come. It also increased the share of federal matching funds from two-thirds to 80 percent. So every state and local dollar to modernize urban transit systems can now be supplemented by four federal dollars.

Many cities will not immediately benefit from these increases, however, largely because bus and train lines have failed to keep pace with migration of people and businesses to the suburbs. The original pattern of transit lines—"spokes" going into the downtown "hub"—is outdated, for more and more people live and work on the periphery and lines on the circumference are needed to compete with the automobile and the freeway. Transit systems have lost riders and declining revenues have prompted cost-cutting such as less frequent runs, the use of obsolete

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

equipment and elimination of service to neighborhoods—often poor—where public transportation is needed most. State and local subsidies rarely do more than bridge the gap between operating costs and revenues; there is little money left for capital improvements. City officials caught in this cycle of decline often suggest a 100 percent federal subsidy for urban mass transit. While such a bonanza would pay for tens of thousands of shiny new buses, it might not improve bus service. The most modern equipment will not attract riders if routes are not convenient to home and office.

Last September Seattle's municipally owned transit company moved to break this cycle by providing free bus service within a 105-block downtown area. Unlike low-fare shuttle buses that operate on special loops through the business district, Seattle's "Magic Carpet Service" is free on all bus and trolley lines when they enter the downtown area. There are about 5400 trips each weekday.

The idea originated a year ago in the office of Mayor Wes Uhlman. Seattle then had a 10-cent shuttle bus that was generating $64,000 a year in fares. The mayor's office proposed eliminating the shuttle and offered a $64,000 subsidy to Metro Transit, which serves Seattle and surrounding King County, to fund a one-year test of free downtown service. A recent survey using "screen lines" across several of the north-south routes over which most passengers travel reported a 30 percent increase in downtown riders. The free service, and gasoline shortages, have convinced many who would not normally ride the bus that it is a convenient way to travel into the city.

Paid ridership has gone up since the free service was introduced; this January fare receipts were up 16 percent over January 1973. To cope with the greater demand on Seattle's 575 buses, an additional 65 buses have been leased and 36 more are being bought to handle the surge. Metro is planning to replace most of its older buses and improve bus stops and shelters during the next six years, at an estimated cost of $108 million.

Seattle is in a position to benefit from the higher federal subsidy because it has a secure funding base—about $30 million a year derived (in nearly equal thirds) from the fare box, a portion of the general sales tax and state motor vehicle taxes. With an operating budget of $23 million, much of the remaining seven million dollars can be used as a 20 percent "downpayment" to get the 80 percent federal subsidy. To keep new riders from returning to their cars, Metro has improved consumer services. There is, for instance, a central number to call for route information. When I called I was given precise directions. New street signs list both the route number and destination, and each route has its own brochure (available on the bus, in many stores or by mail from the company).

Seattle's free ride is not a gimmick. For a relatively small price ($64,000), the city has already encouraged many commuters to leave their cars home. Many who still drive to work now take the bus for short downtown trips, and their free rides may convince them to become paying customers as well. The federal government at last seems ready to invest heavily in urban mass transit, but it would make no sense to pour millions of dollars into ailing systems unless state and municipal governments show themselves willing to make public transportation worth riding. That will require local initiatives, such as adjusting bus routes to new demographic patterns and mustering the political courage to spend more tax revenues on capital improvements. Seattle is showing it can be done.

Peter J. Ognibene

The Nixon Watch

Indictments

The White House story was that Mr. Nixon received in utter calm, with no discernible show of shock or disturbance or regret, the news on March 1 that seven of his former associates and assistants, including four men who were at the pinnacle of his administration and among the closest to him during his first term, had been indicted by a federal grand jury. All of them were charged with conspiring and four of them were charged with acting to conceal the nature and extent of the original Watergate crime—the break-in and electronic bugging at the Democratic National Committee's Washington office—and to minimize its consequences for the President and his presidency. After all, the story of Mr. Nixon's glacial performance went, the indictment was expected. He and everyone around him understood that this indictment was going to be followed by others that could be even more damning in what they implied about him and the Nixon presidency. Twenty-eight people who had been associated in some way and degree with the Nixon White House or the Nixon reelection campaign in 1972 had already been indicted and 15 of them had pleaded guilty or been convicted. So there was nothing in the March 1 indictment to get all that excited or worried about. The very senior White House official who said this to me had the wit and grace to add that the President, of course, was not *pleased* by the indictment. But he took it in stride, so it was said, and he was pleased—definitely pleased—with the Watergate situation as he saw it shaping up for him on the whole. Mr. Nixon was said to be pleased because facts were beginning to replace rumor and innuendo and, most of all, because both the judicial and congressional processes connected with Watergate were

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

moving toward a conclusion.

Such was the response that the President evidently wanted inquirers to believe he had to the indictment of former Attorney General John N. Mitchell; H. R. Haldeman, the former chief of the White House staff; John D. Ehrlichman, who had been the assistant for domestic affairs; and Charles Colson, who during the latter part of his service as special counsel to the President and especially during the 1972 reelection campaign spent more time with Mr. Nixon than anybody on the staff except Haldeman. Robert Mardian, another of the indicted seven, had served the President at the White House, at the Justice Department, and at the committee that nominally managed Mr. Nixon's 1972 reelection. Kenneth Parkinson, also indicted, had been that committee's chief attorney. Gordon Strachan, the seventh and most junior of the March 1 defendants, had been on Haldeman's personal staff and had handled much of Haldeman's communication with the reelection committee. Haldeman said at his home in Los Angeles that he and the President talked by telephone after he was indicted. Mr. Nixon didn't want it known that he talked to any of the seven. Once the fact that he called Haldeman on March 1 was out, the President ordered a spokesman to say that he had congratulated Haldeman on his 25th wedding anniversary. The anniversary was February 19.

Haldeman was charged with conspiracy, obstructing justice and perjury. The three perjury counts affected the President in a direct and damaging way. They had to do with whether the President knew about, condoned and perhaps authorized the payment of hush money to the lawyers and families of the men who organized and carried out the Watergate burglary and bugging. John W. Dean, the fired and indicted White House lawyer who managed this aspect of the Watergate aftermath, told the Senate Watergate committee last summer that Mr. Nixon knew all about it and remarked, during a conversation in his White House office last March, that raising a million dollars for the Watergate defendants wouldn't be a problem. Haldeman, who was present for part of the conversation in question and had listened to a taped recording of all of it, testified that "The President said, there is no problem in raising a million dollars, we can do that, but it would be wrong." Mr. Nixon said at a press conference last August 22 that Haldeman's account was accurate, Dean's inaccurate and false. After hearing the same recording of the conversation that Haldeman had heard, the special Watergate prosecutor and the Watergate grand jury charged in the indictment that Haldeman lied under oath when he swore that the President had said that "it would be wrong."

If Haldeman had lied, the President had lied. Much was made of the fact, belatedly discovered and published by William Safire, a former Nixon speech writer who now writes a column for *The New York Times*, that Haldeman in his original, written statement to the Senate committee paraphrased the President and didn't put the "it would be wrong" line between quotation marks. The committee stenotypist and the drafters of the indictment put the disputed words between quotation marks. It was an interesting but essentially pointless point. The President either had or hadn't said that raising the million "would be wrong" (or "is wrong"). It developed during the subsequent controversy that the President said it or something very like it, but not explicity about raising the money. He said it about the related suggestion that he promised executive clemency to the Watergate seven. Mr. Nixon indicated at the August 22 press conference and said at another press conference on March 6, his second within 10 days, that when he said "it is wrong" he referred specifically to clemency but "meant that the whole transaction was wrong." If it be true, and what I hear at the White House and at the office of the special prosecutor inclines me to believe it is true, that the charge against Haldeman on this score is simply that he applied the questioned remark to the wrong part of the conversation, any reasonable person must conclude that the prosecutor was either irresponsible or after Haldeman and his confederates for something else. The something else is made clear in the indictment. It says that the following "overt acts" occurred immediately after the President, Haldeman and Dean discussed hush money and clemency. Haldeman telephoned Mitchell. Mitchell instructed Fred LaRue, a previously indicted Mitchell and Nixon associate, to pay approximately $75,000 to an attorney for Howard Hunt, one of the convicted Watergate defendants. LaRue arranged this payment. The next day "Mitchell assured Ehrlichman that E. Howard Hunt, Jr., was not a 'problem' any longer." Ehrlichman thereupon told Egil Krogh, a previously indicted and convicted White House assistant, "that Ehrlichman did not believe that E. Howard Hunt Jr. would reveal certain matters." These are allegations. They have yet to be proved. But, set forth as charged fact in the indictment, they chill this reader. It is impossible to believe that they don't chill the President.

At his March 6 press conference and during the five days preceding it, Mr. Nixon acted as if he were thoroughly atop his situation. He had his chief defender, James St. Clair, assure federal Judge John Sirica that all of the White House tapes and documents that had been provided to the special prosecutor and to the grand juries investigating various categories of Watergate offense would be given to the House Judiciary Committee for its inquiry into whether a bill of impeachment should be reported to the House of Representatives. The grand jury had recommended to Judge Sirica that he turn over the same material to the committee, along with a summary of evidence that seemed to the jurors to bear upon the involvement of the President. Judge Sirica made it clear at a hearing

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that he was troubled by the arguments of the indicted defendants' attorneys that their clients' rights would be jeopardized if he surrendered the White House evidence and other evidence collected by the special prosecutor to the House committee. If the President and his lawyers were troubled by the same possibility, they suppressed the concern. The President's promise to give the material to the committee appeared to be unqualified. He resisted some of its demands for other White House evidence. But he offered to give sworn answers to written interrogatories and also to answer under oath, informally and at the White House, any questions that the committee's chairman and ranking Republican member might wish to put to him. Limited and reluctantly offered though they were, these were substantial concessions. They strengthened the impression, previously reported, that the President is frightened and has good reason to be.

John Osborne

Secret Report on Nixon's Criminal Involvement

That Bulging Briefcase

by Nathan Lewin

There is usually little drama in the process of "returning" an indictment. The grand jury foreman gives the judge some papers, invariably drafted by the prosecutor and signed by him as well as by the grand jury foreman, and the judge goes through the dry ritual of making those papers part of the court's public file—thereby beginning the formal criminal proceeding against the defendant accused in the papers. A prosecutor may ask that an indictment not be made public until the defendant is arrested if he thinks there is some possibility of flight, and a judge will, on that request, ordinarily "seal" an indictment until the arrest is made. Or a judge may, on the prosecution's request, authorize the issuance of an immediate arrest warrant to take custody of a defendant who has been indicted. But there is seldom any exchange between prosecutor and judge other than to set the conditions of arrest or to defer disclosure of the indictment. And there is almost never any submission of documents other than the formal charge (or an acknowledgment that the grand jury has refused to issue a particular charge).

Special Prosecutor Jaworski's staff and the June 1972 grand jury did more, however, on March 1 than deliver the 13-count indictment against the seven individuals accused of conspiring to cover up. It also gave Judge Sirica a sealed envelope which, according to reports, contained a 50-paragraph summary of evidence implicating the President in the cover-up and a "bulging" locked briefcase which, it was said, held the underlying documents needed to evaluate Mr. Nixon's guilt or innocence. "Well-placed sources" reported that the grand jurors would have charged the President with being a party to the illegal conspiracy if they had not been advised by the prosecutors that it is unconstitutional to indict an incumbent President. The secret report was, therefore, a substitute for an indictment and was designed to carry to the House Judiciary Committee, which is considering Mr. Nixon's impeachment, the result of the grand jury's investigation of the President's actions.

Whether the Constitution permits the indictment of a President while he is in office is a question that constitutional scholars have been vigorously debating; there is no explicit prohibition in the Constitution, just as there is no clear authorization. In its brief in the Agnew case, in response to the then Vice President's claim that an incumbent Vice President could not be formally accused of a federal crime, the Department of Justice argued—without ever satisfactorily explaining on what constitutional language it relied for its distinction—that Presidents are immune from prosecution but Vice Presidents are not. The plea bargain struck by Mr. Agnew resolved his case without a court decision. Obviously, however, a court can decide whether or not the President is immune only if the President is indicted. If a prosecutor concludes that there is immunity and, on account of that constitutional judgment, no prosecution is begun, there is no way under our legal system for his conclusion to be challenged in court. Lawsuits seeking to force federal prosecutors to indict have been uniformly unsuccessful; a prosecutor's conclusion of law, if favorable to an accused, is in every practical sense the last word on

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the subject.

If Mr. Nixon's indictment involved only this arguable question of constitutional law, it would have been unwise, if not arrogant, for the special prosecutor to have finally decided that important debatable issue entirely on his own and thereby to have prevented the courts from considering it. The validity of a claim of presidential immunity from indictment is important enough today and in the future that it would then have been the better course to allow the grand jurors to work their will and leave the authoritative constitutional decision to the judicial branch, and ultimately to the Supreme Court. Its rulings are made, after all, after full legal argument on both sides of a question, and its decisions are explained in opinions that purport to bare the reasoning leading to a result. No one knows whether the special prosecutor has heard and considered the best arguments on each side, and he has neither obligation nor opportunity to state the reasons for his decision.

There are more practical considerations at stake, however, in deciding whether or not to indict Richard Nixon than the resolution of a close question of constitutional law. The prospect that the nation might be governed by a man who is under formal charge of crime is a frightening one, and it is difficult to assess how this would affect domestic stability and our foreign policy. In the matter of Spiro Agnew, for example, former Attorney General Richardson has explained that he was primarily motivated, in accepting a less-than-satisfactory plea bargain which included a resignation, by the horrifying spectacle of having an accused felon occupy a public post just several gasps from the presidency. So even if a President might constitutionally be indicted, there is every reason for a prosecutor to avoid such action if avoidance is possible.

An indictment of Mr. Nixon would have had other damaging practical consequences. It would have proved to those who want to be persuaded that the special prosecutor's force was simply "out to get the President," as the White House has been insisting all along, and would thereby have cast some doubt on the legitimacy of the charges made against the others. It would also have enveloped the basic cover-up allegations and the charges against the seven named defendants in a constitutional fog that would put off trial of their case for months, if not years. Surely if Mr. Nixon had been an eighth named defendant in the cover-up indictment, the constitutional question would have had to be litigated before any trial, and nothing less than a Supreme Court resolution would have settled the dispute. The other defendants would then have maintained that their trials should not be conducted separately from the President's, and that contention would have given them far more delay than is in the public interest.

A final consideration that may have been most important from Mr. Jaworski's vantage point was that indictment of the President would have infinitely complicated the pressing matter of exchange of information between his office and the House Judiciary Committee. A federal prosecutor who is conducting a grand jury investigation is not at liberty to disclose testimony given before the grand jury or documents subpoenaed by it to anyone he chooses. The rule of grand jury secrecy has been described by the Supreme Court as a "long established policy . . . older than our Nation itself." Even so it is not, as many believe, part of any constitutional protection or even enforced by any civil or criminal statute. A rule of procedure that applies to criminal cases in federal courts is the only formal recognition of the historical policy. The rule permits disclosure of "matters occurring before the grand jury" *only* to federal prosecutors "for use in the performance of their duties" and to others when a judge directs disclosure "in connection with a judicial proceeding" or on request of a defendant. Special Prosecutor Jaworski was plainly right when he observed that disclosure to the House committee of testimony implicating the President, no matter how sensible it may seem, would be a violation of the letter of that rule of criminal procedure. Neither the congressmen on the committee nor the lawyers on its staff are "attorneys for the government" as that term is defined in the criminal rules. (Another rule limits the definition to personnel of the Department of Justice.) The impeachment inquiry is not, at first blush, a "judicial proceeding," and the defendant—in this case the President—is plainly not seeking disclosure.

On the other hand it is quite clear that the reasons for the historical policy for grand jury secrecy simply do not cover the transmission of this material to the House committee. The Supreme Court and legal commentators have agreed that there are only four reasons to keep grand jury proceedings secret: 1) to protect grand jury witnesses against intimidation and reprisal; 2) to encourage the grand jury "to engage in uninhibited investigation"; 3) to prevent a person under investigation from fleeing before a formal charge is made; and 4) to prevent disclosure of derogatory information concerning an accused who is exculpated by the grand jury. If the grand jurors did not mean to exculpate the President, the last of these reasons—which is the only one remotely relevant—simply is not involved.

How, then, to get around the letter of the rule? As of March 1 Mr. Nixon and his lawyers had not indicated whether they would provide the House committee with the tapes and documents that the special prosecutor had obtained by subpoena and by formal request for submission to the grand jury. Nor was there any obvious way of getting to the Judiciary Committee such oral testimony as the grand jury may have heard that bore on the President's guilt or innocence in the cover-up. If Mr. Nixon had been indicted by the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

grand jury, his lawyers could have claimed for him all the rights a charged defendant has, including the right to keep the prosecutor (and the grand jury) from publishing its evidence in advance of trial. And if the Judiciary Committee had then attempted to get from the White House the same tapes and documents as had been given to Messrs. Cox and Jaworski, it would probably have been told that the evidence was involved in court proceedings so that disclosure to the Congress would be inappropriate. A congressional subpoena might have been served—as apparently was being contemplated until the announcement on March 6 that the same material *could* be given to the House as had been given to the Special Prosecutor—but that would have set off a tedious court battle.

The submission of the grand jury's secret report and the accompanying briefcase was a most ingenious method of complying with the letter and spirit of the rule of criminal procedure, while trying to make relevant information accessible to the House committee. Its most immediate practical effect was to force Mr. Nixon to agree, as announced in court on March 6, that he would give the House committee what he had given the special prosecutor. Knowing that the relevant evidence was waiting in the bulging briefcase, he had little choice. And even as to testimony given by witnesses who appeared before the grand jury, the President's previously announced legal positions left him unable to object to access by the House committee. The statement made by James St. Clair, Mr. Nixon's present lawyer, that he did "not have any recommendation" whether the grand jury material should be submitted to the Judiciary Committee reflected the President's discomfort at being pinioned on his own constitutional sword.

Mr. Nixon and his lawyers have maintained that impeachment is permissible only if the President is found guilty of a serious crime. They have flatly disagreed with the Judiciary Committee staff's conclusion that criminal conduct need not be proved and even with the more restrictive Justice Department view. At the same time they are asserting that the President may not be held accountable for criminal conduct in the manner that any ordinary citizen might—that is, on indictment by a grand jury and a public trial. If the President's view on both propositions is accepted, the House of Representatives must sit as a grand jury, to decide whether there is cause to believe that the President has committed a crime, and the Senate then sits as a trial jury. It is not a violation of grand jury secrecy to use testimony obtained before one federal grand jury in the course of another federal grand jury's investigation, and the President's legal positions necessarily equate the function of the House—so far as crime by the President goes—with that of a grand jury. Indeed it turns the House into the *only* possible grand jury to investigate and report on presidential offenses.

The only opposition stated in open court to delivery of the grand jury materials was asserted by the lawyers for Messrs. Haldeman and Ehrlichman. They put forward the unquestionably valid legal proposition that federal grand juries (other than those called specially to investigate organized crime) have no business issuing "reports"; their only proper function is to institute criminal proceedings by filing indictments. John Mitchell's lawyers were not heard on the subject, possibly because Mitchell's Department of Justice did have a *public* report issued by at least one federal grand jury—the one that investigated the Chicago shoot-out of Black Panther headquarters that resulted in the death of Fred Hampton. The Watergate grand jury has, at least, taken the precaution of filing its paper in secret form with the judge rather than issuing it as a public broadside. Precisely what personal stake Messrs. Haldeman and Ehrlichman have in keeping the grand jury materials from the Judiciary Committee—particularly if it all remains confidential within the committee—is hard to conceive. Yet they have insisted that they will take the issue to the court of appeals if Judge Sirica decides to give the material to the House committee. The critical point in determining whether this will result in an extended delay will be reached when Judge Sirica and then a panel of judges of the court of appeals decide whether they should grant a stay of any order transmitting the material to the House committee. Even if, as was indicated during the hearings on March 6, the report contains no conclusion by the grand jury, it apparently summarizes the facts as the grand jurors believe they occurred. That means that the document is an important basis for possible criminal prosecution once the presidential immunity is gone. The 22nd Amendment guarantees that no later than January 21, 1977, Richard Nixon will no longer be President of the United States. The five-year statute of limitations on federal offenses will not have expired, so far as the Watergate cover-up conspiracy goes, by that date. Drawing on the evidence and conclusions of the grand jury that reported on March 1, a federal grand jury could then indict the former President and compel him to stand trial.

Related to these events is the President's disclosure at his recent press conference that he had been invited to testify before the cover-up grand jury and that he had declined the invitation on constitutional grounds. The special prosecutor and the grand jury apparently did not force the constitutional issue by serving a subpoena on him and challenging, as they did in the matter of the tapes, the claim of presidential privilege. That judgment may very well have been a pragmatic one, based on recognition of the fact that months of litigation lay ahead if an attempt was made to force the President to appear personally and answer the prosecutor's questions in the grand jury room. The indictment returned by the grand jury clearly showed that the President's personal recollection of events is

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

highly relevant to the charges being made. The most potentially explosive of the accusations was the perjury charge made against H. R. Haldeman, who was accused of lying when he testified before the Ervin committee that, in a meeting attended only by the President, Haldeman and John Dean, Mr. Nixon had said of the efforts to raise "hush money" that it "would be wrong." The special prosecutor and the grand jury presumably have Dean's word that the President didn't say that, and the nearly ubiquitous tapes, when finally produced, probably corroborated Dean. But with Haldeman testifying to the contrary, it was surely essential to hear whether the man whose statement the alleged perjurer quoted would testify that he said what Haldeman said he said. Now that he has refused to testify before the grand jury and, in order to avoid delay and difficult constitutional issues, the prosecutor has not chosen to compel him to appear, can Mr. Nixon testify in Haldeman's defense at his trial? Or can Haldeman do as John Ehrlichman is apparently planning to do in California and argue that the unavailability of the President as a witness for the defense deprives him of necessary exculpatory proof and requires dismissal of the charge?

Paying Candidates' Bills

Campaign Kitties

by Walter Pincus

By April Fool's Day, the House Administration Committee chaired by Rep. Wayne Hays of Ohio will be the focal point of the post-Watergate push to change our ways of financing federal elections for the presidency, the House and the Senate. Two major Senate bills and proposals from the President await action by Hays and his colleagues. There is last year's Senate-approved bill that sets new limits on amounts donors can give and candidates can spend, and which establishes an independent federal elections commission to enforce the new limits and other campaign fund and election laws already on the books. A second Senate measure, approved by its Rules Committee and about to pass the upper chamber in the next few weeks, calls for some public financing of all federal primary and general election campaigns, which the President is against. Mr. Nixon in the past has talked about establishing a commission to study the problem but now is interested in a clutch of reforms, including shortening the length of presidential campaigns.

The need to do *something* has its ironic side. Cash contributions, illegal corporate money and possible bribes weave their way in and out of Watergate. But the break-in, the cover-up, the wire-tapping and the burglary of Ellsberg's psychiatrist's office could as easily have been undertaken by an administration put into office by either public or private money. It is also ironic that the most reluctant reformers—the House members and that body's most arrogant critic of reform, Mr. Hays—will have most to say about what becomes law. Since representatives have a constant money problem—it is harder in general for them to raise money and they have to do it every two years—you would think they would be especially keen for public financing, or at least for limiting what can be spent in privately financed campaigns. But both proposals have been watered down or rejected by the House, possibly because it is feared the reforms would penalize incumbents. But it is not only that, there are reform-minded representatives who are a bit more detached, and *they* have joined the mossbacks who don't want any change in the system that gets them reelected.

The law now on the books puts no ceiling on what any one of us can give to House, Senate or presidential candidates in primary or general elections. It does limit what any of these candidates can spend on advertising, and it requires all candidates and their committees to report all contributions of $100 or more and all expenditures in both primary and general elections. Those reports are filed in Senate races with the secretary of the Senate, in House races with the clerk of the House, and in presidential races with the General Accounting Office. Supervision of the reports rests initially in the body with which the reports are filed and eventually with the Department of Justice for judicial enforcement.

We also have a tax checkoff on the books to provide

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

federal funds for the 1976 presidential general election. Each party's candidate will be able to get roughly $21.4 million, though he may choose to forego the public subsidy for private contributions.

Last year's Senate bill, now before Hays' committee, set a $3000 ceiling on any individual contribution to a specific primary or general election contest, and $25,000 as the total amount anyone can give for all federal elections in one year. It also limited expenditures in Senate primary races to 10 cents a voter, 15 cents for general elections. House races were similarly confined—a minimum of $90,000 both for primary and general elections. The Senate bill also provides for an independent federal elections commission with power to subpoena, hold hearings and make presentations to a federal grand jury.

The newer Senate bill adds to this package some more public financing. Thus, primary candidates for federal office would have to raise a minimum amount before they would be entitled to federal dollars. A presidential candidate would have to raise $250,000 in donations of $250 or less to qualify for an equal amount of federal money; thereafter, each contribution of $250 or under would be matched. Although the amounts differ, the same system would apply to Senate primary races, where the minimum qualifying private contribution would be $100 and not $250. (The Senate bill gives major party federal candidates in general elections a choice between public or private funding—subject to the same overall spending limits—or a blend of the two within the same limitations.) The House is handled differently: a flat $10,000 would have to be raised privately, with $100 as the maximum donation, in order for the candidate to get matching US Treasury funds.

The lustiest reformers basically want two things: to eliminate the corruption they say is endemic under the present system, and to make it financially easier through public subsidy to oppose entrenched legislators. Common Cause, for example, makes the point that incumbent congressmen in 1972 raised two dollars for every one dollar of their challengers. If the challengers had the same amount of money as the incumbents, Common Cause says, provided in good part by the federal government, there would be more competition for House seats, and the inference is that more means better.

I wonder. Public money might spark more competition in the swing districts where challengers are already adequately financed. Also, raising matching money would be no problem for doctors, truckers, bankers, builders. Any number of trade or perhaps conservation groups could get 100 of their regular contributors to put up $100 and with that $10,000, they could stake any primary candidate they selected, knowing he will get an additional $10,000 from the US Treasury.

Even if public funding produced more candidates and thus more competition for House and Senate seats, would it do much to clean out influence peddling or corruption? The lobbyists would still be active in Washington. The corporations and unions that employ them and that represent large numbers of constituents would be just as powerful, as would the town's biggest banker, newspaper publisher and manufacturer. If campaign contributions helped someone get a government contract before, honorariums or some other financial reward to a willing legislator would be helpful under the new system.

Money, remember, does serve the electoral process by limiting the number of candidates. Moreover without public financing we restrict the advantages of the rich or candidates with wealthy supporters by limiting what can be spent and given. The present requirement for financial disclosure has an additional inhibiting effect: it makes out-of-line business donations a campaign issue.

Enforcement is a problem, that is one lesson of Watergate. An independent monitoring commission on campaign contributions and expenditures is a major step forward. But think for a moment about having to monitor and enforce a public financing law covering every contribution to 435 House and 33 Senate primary races, and where each donation under $100 has to be matched dollar for dollar by federal money! What kind of supervision would be needed to check the legitimacy of each donation? And what would be the situation if that task is in the hands of a Justice Department controlled by one of the major parties?

The question of where to set a spending limit for a House or Senate campaign is complex enough without the further complication of having part or all of the campaign funds paid from the federal treasury. Rep. Hays said recently that he favors a $60,000 limit for a House race. Several years ago reformers wanted a $50,000 limit. Last year a Common Cause study showed that incumbents were defeated in races where challengers spent almost $100,000. So how much is enough?

I think the present law, plus the amendments passed by the Senate last year, takes us far enough for the moment—limitations on giving and spending, disclosure and independent enforcement. Add to that the new public interest in political financing stemming from Watergate and a new hesitancy on the part of interest groups to bloody their noses, and you have at least a fair prospect of cleaner campaigns. And don't forget that public money *will* finance the next presidential election, thanks to the checkoff law. We shall see how it works. Meanwhile another two years' experience with full reports on House and Senate elections will give us more information on how public money might, someday, be usefully spent across the board.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The High Price of Peace with Honor

Vietnam: Legacy of Desolation

by Stanley Karnow

One of the official justifications for our massive intervention in the civil war in Vietnam was that, in addition to bringing self-determination, security and peace to the region, the US would improve the quality of Vietnamese life. Thus Lyndon Johnson in February 1966 pledged to "build a decent society for the people of South Vietnam [and] to win victory over hunger, disease and despair." President Nixon echoed this theme five years later when he applauded American troops for their "countless acts of generosity and kindness" in promoting social welfare programs in Vietnam. But two new reports dramatize the contrast between the lofty resolves and the hideous reality of the US performance in that benighted land.

One of these reports, prepared by Sen. Edward Kennedy's Judiciary subcommittee on refugees, estimates that more than 3.6 million Vietnamese soldiers and civilians on both sides were killed or wounded and some 10 million Vietnamese were at one time or another made homeless during the eight years after the US escalated the war in 1965. The other report, the product of three years of research by the National Academy of Sciences, concludes among other things that the damage inflicted by the US on the ecology of Vietnam through the use of defoliants may take at least a century to heal. Considering that the total population of both North and South Vietnam is roughly 30 million, the human cost of the conflict must be one of the highest in history. And considering that Vietnam is essentially an agricultural country, the destruction caused by chemical warfare is nothing less than criminal.

The Kennedy study, conducted by a team that included medical and public hygiene specialists, submits that the superior firepower of the US and Saigon government forces was responsible for most of the civilian casualties, more than half of whom were children. According to conservative official figures, the war has left some 8000 paraplegics, 40,000 blind or deaf and 83,000 amputees. Little is being done to help these victims. Only about one-third of the amputees have been given prosthetic devices and, the team reports, the paraplegics are "wasting away" in a clinic in the coastal town of Vung Tau "with no rehabilitative treatment and scarce hope of receiving any." The ranks of the maimed are bound to swell since, the study notes, there may be as many as 600 million pounds of unexploded bombs, rockets, mines and artillery shells lying in the fields and forests of South Vietnam. The war also left nearly 900,000 orphans, numbers of them abandoned for lack of foster homes to beg or steal for survival. They include some 20,000 children fathered by American troops, and the most pathetically isolated among them are the offspring of black GIs. Their future in the color-conscious Vietnamese society is as bleak as that of the ostracized children of the Senegalese troops who fought with the French during the first Indochina war. The Nixon administration has earmarked a mere $7.2 million to aid the orphans, and even that sum is ineffective because of all the inevitable American and Vietnamese bureaucratic red tape.

Although the Saigon regime formally acknowledges the existence of 232,600 refugees, the real count runs into the millions and reflects the extent to which the war has shattered Vietnamese society by turning rural peasants into urban flotsam. A chronic failure of both US and South Vietnamese officials throughout the conflict has been their unwillingness to treat displaced persons as a long-range problem. As a consequence, the study says, "temporary" refugees have been squatting in "temporary" quarters for a decade or more. They are crowded into shanty towns around the cities, and, with the US forces gone, they occupy former American barracks, tents, hangars, and, in one old base, a deserted officers' club. Most officials privately concede that the refugees ought to be resettled in their native villages even if the region is controlled by the Vietcong. But though Article II of the Paris cease-fire agreement guarantees freedom of movement and residence, South Vietnamese President Nguyen Van Thieu will not permit refugees to return home for fear that they will strengthen the Vietcong. His position is supported by the US mission, which, the study discloses, favors the relocation of refugees only in so-called "marginal" areas where their presence would serve Thieu's strategic objectives.

If the Kennedy study highlights the human tragedy of Vietnam, the National Academy of Sciences report describes how the US military machine has ravaged the country's natural resources. "Never before had herbicides been used in such heavy doses on such areas of natural vegetation," the report says. Between 1962 and 1971 the US dropped 18.8 million gallons of herbicides on more than 25 million acres, over 10 percent of the entire South Vietnamese landscape. The

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stated purpose of the operation was to defoliate dense forests and thick swamp regions in order to expose enemy military and supply units and to destroy crops in sectors under Vietcong control. There is no doubt that the Pentagon also viewed Vietnam as a laboratory in which to test chemical warfare techniques. Some of the herbicides employed in Vietnam are outlawed in the US because of their dangerous content. The one used most extensively, "Agent Orange," was finally banned even in Vietnam, after 11.2 million gallons had been sprayed, because it contains a highly toxic component called TCDD.

Four years ago when a controversy over defoliation surfaced, Congress authorized the research project, which was undertaken by a group of 47 scientists and special consultants under the direction of Anton Lang, a Michigan State University plant pathologist and head of the Atomic Energy Commission's plant research laboratory at the university. With some exceptions US officials in Saigon were less than cooperative, apparently in an effort to impede research that would reveal the extent of the devastation. The group's requests for transportation frequently were ignored, and, as the study notes, material such as aerial photographs was delivered to the scientists only after "frustrating delays." Now, with the findings in, the Pentagon is seeking to minimize the report's impact. A Defense Department commentary on the study says that although "some damage" had resulted from the herbicides, "most of the allegations of massive, permanent ecological and physiological damage are unfounded." Summoning up the argument that was put forth time and again to justify the war, the commentary added: "It should also be remembered that herbicides were used to save American and Allied lives in a combat situation."

The scientists discovered that the herbicides destroyed 36 percent of the mangrove marshes that stretch along Vietnam's southern coast, and these areas, says their study, "will not spontaneously recover for well nigh a century, if at all." This not only wiped out the breeding grounds of fish for the Vietnamese diet, but it also hurt South Vietnam's export trade. The study notes that frozen shrimp sold to Japan were impounded by the Japanese authorities after it was found that they contained traces of the poisons in "Agent Orange." The inland forests, on which three-quarters of all the defoliants were used, suffered even more seriously from chemicals as well as from bombing and shelling. The herbicides killed vast numbers of trees, an important source of hard wood for Vietnam's lumber industry, while the shell fragments left in living trees have made the timber difficult to cut and sell. The herbicides also contributed to a fall in the output of sweet potatoes, soybeans, rice and other crops, and coconut growers were particularly hard hit. Although the Saigon government has a program to help farmers whose crops were destroyed, it is not working.

Despite claims by the Pentagon that herbicides do not hurt people, the scientific mission amassed evidence to indicate that the chemicals do cause "painful and disagreeable symptoms" ranging from respiratory troubles like sore throats and nose bleeding to diarrhea, skin rashes and heart palpitations. Dr. Gerald Hickey, a Cornell University anthropologist who has spent more than a decade among the mountain tribes of South Vietnam, reported on the basis of interviews that more than 100 highlanders, most of them children, died following spraying of defoliants in their native areas. The study points out that the use of herbicides also backfired psychologically against the US. The Vietnamese came to regard defoliation as an "American assault" against their land and themselves. Commenting on the chemical campaign the Saigon journal *Trinh Bay* wrote in April 1972 that the US was contradictorily "exterminating the very people one wishes to protect."

Although defoliation has ended, an indirect US "assault" against Vietnam continues as the Nixon administration provides the Thieu regime with the weapons and ammunition to carry on a "cease-fire war" that has claimed 85,000 casualties and turned some 800,000 Vietnamese into refugees since the Paris agreements were signed in January 1973. The extent of present US involvement in Vietnam was described the other day by *New York Times* correspondent David K. Shipler in a detailed account of the current American military aid program to the Saigon government. American civilian technicians were supposed to have been phased out by the end of last year, but, Shipler reports, 2800 remain in Vietnam to keep Thieu's aircraft, communications and other sophisticated military systems in operation. According to Shipler Americans employed by the Defense Department and the Central Intelligence Agency are covertly serving as military and police advisers in violation of the Paris agreement, and this, he says, has given Thieu "the muscle to forestall a political settlement" as called for in the accords. Indeed Shipler points out, it actually "breaks the spirit of the accords."

So the war goes on—and to what end? A poignant answer was offered last month by Robert C. Ransom, a New York corporation lawyer whose son was killed in Vietnam six years ago. Early this year Ransom went to Vietnam in the hope, as he later wrote in *The New York Times*, that he "might find some consolation for his loss if there was evidence that his sacrifice had somehow served the Vietnamese people." What he found was "a total police state" of corrupt officials, impoverished refugees and neglected invalids. "The Paris peace agreement," he wrote, "was supposed to guarantee the right of self-determination to the Vietnamese people through democratic liberties and elections. It was supposed to provide the honor in my son's death. It is doing neither."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Stanley Kauffmann on films

Three of a Kind, Sort of

Conrack (Twentieth Century-Fox). Conrack's real name is Conroy—Pat Conroy, a young South Carolinian who went to teach black children on an island off Beaufort in 1969 (and wrote about it in a book called *The Water Is Wide*). The children heard and spoke his name as Conrack, and he accepted it that way as a means of being accepted by them. Conroy was raised a racist and, for unspecified reasons, became an egalitarian. He took on the task of "liberating" these small black children from the heavy hand of his white school superintendent and the dissimilar heavy hand of his black school principal.

This (true) story, as you can see, is presold. (I'm not discussing its truth or worth, simply its effect as theatrical artifact.) Heroism, to be useful in theater or film, has to be based on resistance—to authority, if possible, and it's even better if the resistance is motivated by love. In *Conrack* we get a tiny portion of *William Tell* in a container of *The Corn Is Green*, and it's easy to take.

Martin Ritt, the director, worked with a black subject two pictures ago in *Sounder*, but there he had a hokey kid-picture producer named Robert Radnitz, who had previously made such things as *Misty* and *A Dog of Flanders*, and who showed it. (The producer's control of an American film is almost always underestimated.) On *Conrack* Ritt was working with Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank, Jr., who also wrote the screenplay. These three had previously collaborated on *The Long Hot Summer* and *Hud*, pictures of at least some cinematic substance. As a result *Conrack* holds together where *Sounder*, except for Cicely Tyson, was just runnels of glop.

But it was Ritt alone who worked with the actors. He got Jon Voight to play Conrack, and Voight has suffused the role with vigorous, winning, mischievous sweetness. He commits his *body* to the role in a way that dramatizes mind and spirit. And Ritt did absolute wonders with the 21 local black children. (The film was shot mostly on the Georgia coast.) Ritt's sympathy, patience and confidence are reflected through those children back into the camera. It's the single most beautiful element in the film.

When he has things under control, as he had in *Pete 'n' Tillie*, as he has here, Ritt is a good sentimental director, and good sentiment is always welcome. Conrack's breezy unconventionality, his playful but utter commitment are all very fetching. The picture is as enjoyable as it is predictable, except for the very finish. We know Conrack is going to win the kids over, but that's where his victory ends. Still, even the poignant fadeout helps to make the picture retrospectively more Edenic. When Conrack sails away, fired for insubordination, and the children line the dock, with their phonograph playing the Beethoven Fifth which he introduced them to, we know we are leaving a Never-Never Land, credible because the things really happened and because they ended.

Walking Tall (Cinerama). Another hero standing up against authority, in much more conventional terms. Another film based on fact. It's the "fictionized" account (their word) of some things that happened to Sheriff Buford Pusser of McNairy County, Tennessee, in the 1960s; and its message is simple. If you are about 6'4" and 240 pounds, an ex-wrestler, and if you can survive a terrible beating and knife-slashing, two pistol shots at 18-inch range, two blasts from a sawed-off shotgun and a protracted attack by several tommy-guns, you too can rout organized crime from your community. Mrs. Pusser got killed in the process; so did the Pussers' dog. I make this heartless juxtaposition of their deaths because, as used in the film, they reminded me of the token payments to credibility made by fiction films in which the hero has to survive.

Pusser decided to give up wrestling because it was crooked, and brought his family back to his home town only to find that *it* had become crooked, gripped by syndicates that ran gambling and brothels and the law. He goes up against the big boys almost accidentally. The results lead to his running for sheriff, getting elected, also getting troubles, tragedy and at least partial triumph.

The man standing alone against the bad bunch was a staple of westerns before and after *High Noon*, is still a staple of the many TV westerns, and is the backbone of this picture. It's not an urban transformation, it's a western, using the term generically, varied only in geography and with cars instead of horses. The crude script by Mort Briskin is based on an old reliable—vicarious giantism. *Walking Tall* is a smash hit because it makes Supermen out of all of us Clark Kents, male and female, makes us invincible to bullets and allows us to smash and kill with righteousness. (Even though we may have been deploring violence in nonrighteous films the past week.)

Like *Conrack*, this picture is put over by its leading man. Joe Don Baker is not remotely the actor that Jon Voight is, but he's physically and temperamentally right and he supplies the needed comic-book colorings for the part. And he also shows some range: in *Charley Varrick* he used his bulk to make the pipe-smoking assassin scary; here he's *ein feste Burg*. Elizabeth Hartman as his wife is less pleasing—possibly because she has a peculiar mouth and invisible eyes. Everyone else in the picture overacts stupidly—that is, supplies swatches of stock materials as ordered up by the director Phil Karlson, an experienced unimaginative director of action platitudes.

Blazing Saddles (Warner Bros.). Mel Brooks' reaction to heroic Western myths. *The Producers* had a good script, Brooks' own, and bad direction, also Brooks' own. In *Blazing Saddles* his direction is still bad and his script, written with four collaborators, is worse. It's patchy, desperate and inconsistent in its inconsistencies. It stops being a deliberately anachronistic western and becomes a conscious movie for no other reason than that it has run out of material in the first vein.

The story deals, from the bottom of the deck, with a black sheriff in the Old West, played by Cleavon Little, who has knocked me out ever since I first saw

(continued on page 33)

Films Worth Seeing

The Exorcist. You've heard of it? Ugly as hell and just as scary.

The Last Detail. Two older sailors escort a young sailor to naval prison—and en route show us where prison really is. Jack Nicholson smashing.

The New Land. If you have/have not seen *The Emigrants*, don't miss the second half of this Swedish-American epic. Truly large.

SK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Poet and His Politics

To speak dispassionately about so delicate a subject as the "political identities" of Pound and Eliot is, even 30 years after World War II, almost impossible. In 1972 Pound was denied the Emerson-Thoreau medal of the American Academy of Arts and Letters on the grounds that, despite the genius of his poetry, his political and social views made it impossible to honor him with a humanistic award. Such a judgment may strike us as unnecessarily harsh, perhaps even quaintly absurd. But then we remember that on the other side of the fence we have voices like Sister Bernetta Quinn's, an established Pound scholar who declared in her recent book, with reference to the poet's notorious Rome broadcasts of 1941-43, "Pound attacked the Roosevelt administration, somewhat in the manner that more recent critics have assailed the policies of Johnson and Nixon"—an extraordinary statement that must send shivers down the spine of those of us who are alive today because Roosevelt fortunately did not listen to the likes of Ezra Pound.

The Political Identities of
Ezra Pound & T. S. Eliot
by William M. Chace
(Stanford University Press; $8.95)

The Real Foundations,
Literature and Social Change
by David Craig
(Oxford University Press; $8.95)

Eliot's political pronouncements have given rise to similar—if less violent—controversy. In an especially interesting chapter of *The Real Foundations, Literature and Social Change*, David Craig argues that the so-called trenchant satire of *The Waste Land* is frequently no more than nasty sarcasm, directed against lower-class persons who happen to need false teeth, eat food from tin cans, or, like "the young man carbuncular," who is only "A small house agent's clerk," suffer from acne. Far from being the "centrally wise diagnosis of 'mass civilization' and its ills" it is generally claimed to be, *The Waste Land*, Craig suggests, is "primitivist" in its rejection of modern industrial society, a "defeatist" poem that "projects an almost despairing personal depression in the guise of an impersonal picture of society." Yet others—notably Russell Kirk and the makers of a recent BBC television special on Eliot, continue to view the poet as a gentle, kind, humane Christian, just short of being a saint, a voice in the wilderness preaching to the Philistines.

In such an emotionally charged atmosphere, the temptation is to do what the Bollingen Prize Committee did when it made its now notorious award to Pound for the *Pisan Cantos* in 1949—namely to insist that a man's poetry is not to be judged by his politics. Thus in his well known study of the *Cantos*, Clark Emery says, "seen in their proper perspective and in strict terms of literary criticism [Pound's Fascist sympathies] are of minor importance. The critical evaluation of *The Faerie Queene* or of *Paradise Lost* does not hinge upon the anti-Catholicism or anti-monarchism of their authors."

It is the great merit of William M. Chace's book that he refuses to take this way out. Convinced that whatever one's own political persuasions, one cannot understand the poetry of Pound and Eliot—both intensely political writers—without coming to terms with their political ideas, Chace proceeds to give us the most balanced, fair-minded, lucid exposition we have to date of these ideas, neatly avoiding the Scylla of polemic attack and the Charybdis of partisan whitewash. *The Political Identities* is, moreover, a model of conciseness: each poet gets roughly 100 pages, and within that short span Chace shows clearly what forces attracted both poets toward varieties of fascism, and what inconsistencies and sometimes sheer ignorance of fact colored their political thinking.

Thus Chace places the whole matter in a new perspective. His central argument is that Pound and Eliot were neither "uniquely political" nor "uniquely unwise in their views," which were simply an extreme version of the views held by a large number of their contemporaries. Their rejection of democracy begins in their family situation, which Chace defines, especially in Pound's case, as "nouveau-poor: refined, with pretensions of gentility, with a memory of rather better times, with little room for social mobility" and a consequent distrust of the "strangers"—particularly the Jews—who were displacing people like themselves "who could trace their American lineage back to the early years of the Republic."

If family background is one major factor, a second is the literary milieu of high decadence into which Pound and Eliot were born. Their partisan activities, Chace argues, must be viewed "as an awkward emergence from the Symbolist quarantine," the esthetic movement's dictum that "the poet must shut his door to the world of streets and speeches." Both Pound and Eliot began by insisting on the autonomy of poetry only to discover that the price the artist paid for divorcing his poetics from ethics was a painful isolation from his society. Both accordingly soon modified the purist stance of their celebrated early criticism and moved toward the position that poets should be the "unacknowledged legislators of the world."

In Pound's case the political doctrine was formulated as early as *Patria Mia* (1912), whose basic assumptions are two: 1) art is the best index of a nation's strength, and 2) although nature is bountiful, modern industrial democracy weakens that synthesis of human resources in which alone art can flourish. At age 27, then, Pound already regarded the financial inequity that is inherent in capitalist democracy as the cancer in the body of modern civilization and the root of human decay.

For a time, indeed, he flirted with Marxism, but, as Chace makes clear, Pound could never stomach an ideology that glorified the worker and advocated the overthrow of the class system, for by instinct he despised the masses and wanted to be a free individual with entrepreneurial literary energies that would transform the consciousness of the nation. If capitalism per se could not, then, be considered *The Enemy*, the answer was to put the blame on individual capitalists: the usurious Jewish financiers who had destroyed the very fabric of Jeffersonian Democracy. From this initial deep-seated prejudice against the Rothschilds, the "Jewspapers" and the New Deal of "Franklin Finklestein Roosevelt," it was only a perfectly logical step to the hero-worship of Mussolini, that charismatic leader who would ostensibly provide the order and stability within which the artist could flourish. And soon Pound was declaring that history had been "keenly analyzed" in *Mein Kampf*.

The evolution of Eliot's political thought is similar. Like Pound's, Eliot's politics is rooted in his own personal situation, his sense of alienation at post-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

war chaos and the seeming collapse of Western civilization. His notorious declaration of 1928 that his position was "classicist in literature, royalist in politics, and Anglo-Catholic in religion" is seen by Chace, quite rightly I think, as a wholly negative statement: Eliot's "classicism" was in fact a thinly disguised urge to withdraw from a distasteful democracy into a private universe of his own making, and his Anglo-Catholicism is best understood as a means of separating oneself from the masses. "The Church," in Chace's words, "signified not union, but separation," and "Between the isolated Church . . . and the pagan world without, no contact exists or should exist." Accordingly—and here Eliot parts company with Pound—no secular ideology could ever be acceptable. Eliot's aim was not to solve social problems but to show "how men failed to achieve a society in which certain religious values could be appreciated."

The result of such a stance was *After Strange Gods* (1933), that embarrassing book Eliot chose not to reprint, in which he argued that in a proper society, "The population should be homogeneous . . . reasons of race and religion combine to make any large number of free-thinking Jews undesirable." Criticism, then, became more and more the search for heretics, such as that "parvenu scientist" Freud or Karl Marx, the "Jewish economist" who had "inverted Hegel." Ultimately Eliot could only retreat into his imaginary Christian society, a Utopia in which somehow the common people would let themselves be guided by the "Clerisy" of moral and ethical leaders as well as by the newly revived strong monastic orders.

What lesson can we draw from all this? David Craig would reply that it is only writers on the Left like Brecht and Sartre who have given us a convincing and realistic picture of modern industrial society. "The great novelist may not be interested in the social urgings behind 'equality' and the planning that it entails, but that doesn't free him from the duty to present fairly—which in terms of his particular art means a *fully dramatic* treatment—the sorts of situation in which the ideas he is canvassing . . . actually arose."

Craig's attack on *The Waste Land* is impressive, but if Chace's book teaches us anything it is that "The step from being authorities in poetry and criticism to thinking well of authoritarianism is the most important step Pound and Eliot took." It is almost hopelessly difficult for the poetic imagination to engage the intellectual complexity and deep contradictions of our political world. "Entry into the world of profound political consequence," he concludes, "is as difficult for today's liberal as it was for Pound and Eliot," and indeed, "it is foolish to look to most of the writers of our time for political wisdom."

But Chace's argument that the political vision of both poets everywhere informs their poetic vision is less convincing. For if this political vision is misguided, inhumane, confused and sometimes downright evil, how can the poetry which it informs be, as Chace all along assumes it is, poetry of the first order?

Eliot's poetry, in this respect, presents fewer problems than does Pound's. Yeats' shrewd observation that as "a New England Protestant by descent, there is little self-surrender in his [Eliot's] personal relation to God and the soul," is not cited by Chace but it could serve as an epigraph to his critique of Eliot's later poetry. He considers 1930 a kind of turning point, arguing that in "Ash Wednesday," the struggle toward the spiritual life is ultimately subordinated to a tired Olympian disdain for "those who walk among noise and deny the voice." Moreover Chace questions Eliot's declared intent of turning the theater into a communal enterprise: "His plays, the superficial appearance of *Murder in the Cathedral* notwithstanding, do not revive the spirit and the appeal of an *Everyman*. Still less do they cultivate, in the manner of a Shakespeare or even a Yeats, the latent aspirations, nationalistic or otherwise, of the people who might be watching them. They are a severely restricted drama."

Here Chace puts his finger on precisely what is wrong with what is to my mind one of the most overrated plays of the century, *Murder in the Cathedral*. He argues convincingly that the women of Canterbury who act as chorus are presented as a lower order of being, capable of faith but not of true perception: "For us, the poor there is no action, / But only to wait and to witness." The capacity for religious understanding and salvation is, in other words, "subtly linked with social standing." By the time of *Four Quartets* (1941), Eliot had swept away all ideology and politics from serious discussion. The world is pure folly devoid of sense. Depending on one's point of view, *Four Quartets* is therefore the most Christian and perfect of modern poems, or an inert, static poem of withdrawal. Chace writes, "The cruel paradox of *Four Quartets* stems from the poet's stubborn reliance upon words as the single instrument for evoking and substantiating faith, coupled with an equally strong conviction on his part that in this world, an un-Christian world doomed to internal decay, no labor and no zeal can matter very much."

If one expects the later pseudo-comedies, which do little to redeem the poet's early reputation, the rest, in Eliot's case, is silence. Political withdrawal and poetic isolation do go hand in hand. Pound's poetry is, however, quite another matter, and here I think Chace's case is weaker. He argues that the *Cantos* are problematic because "Pound's matter is often ill-served by his form." Pound yearns for an all-encompassing ordering principle, yet his poetics demands a "phalanx of particulars," discrete images and ideograms paratactically related and hence defying the very order the poet defines so eloquently in, say, Canto XIII: "If a man have not order within him / He can not spread order about him." This is a very good point and Chace also makes clear that although Pound is always yearning for order, his politics, like his poetry, is

The Sharing of Land and Resources In America

Peter Barnes' six-part series on the distribution of land and wealth in America is now available as a 64-page booklet. Price [including postage and handling]:

1-10—$1.00 per copy
11-50—90 cents
over 50—75 cents

Address orders to
THE NEW REPUBLIC
1244 19th St., NW
Washington, DC 20036

prepaid orders only
D. C. residents add 5% tax

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

built upon the isolation of particulars—individual scapegoats such as Metevsky or heroes such as Van Buren. But then Chace goes on to suggest that the most successful cantos are those like XXXIII, in which a series of instructional examples from history neatly illustrate the central theme: that money is misused by bankers and monopolists. True, here "aesthetic form and didactic intent are united," but I am not at all sure that this is a good thing. On the contrary I would argue that the best cantos are not those that provide clear-cut illustrations of Pound's political ideas, but precisely the more disorderly ones like the first Pisan Canto (LXXIV). For Pound, unlike Eliot, is not a consistent poet. As early as "Hugh Selwyn Mauberley" (1920), we find the most banal diatribes against war ("There died a myriad / And of the best . . . for an old bitch gone in the teeth, / For a botched civilization") side by side with the charming, witty satire of "Yeux Glauques" and of that epitome of the "pickled foetuses" of the 90s, Monsieur Verog.

The truth is that Pound never did escape from the Decadent quarantine that Chace speaks of. His work is the living embodiment of dissociation of sensibility. For there are only two things that Pound really knew about: the world of art and the world of his own life. When he writes of Uncle William (Yeats) "dawdling around Notre Dame" or of Wyndham Lewis "out in the privvy" he is incomparable. When, on the other hand, he expounds on the noble currency reforms made by the Bürgomeister of Wörgl in the Tyrol he is, quite aside from being morally offensive, just plain silly.

Silliest of all, to my mind, are the great set pieces like "Pull down thy vanity . . ." (LXXXI), "Compleint, compleynt . . ." (XXX), and especially the famous Usura Canto (XLV). At the risk of offending all Pound devotees, I suggest that Canto XLV, that well worn anthology piece, is a very bad poem. Critics have raved about its metrical brilliance and the power of its lyrical condemnation of *Usura*, and even Chace concedes that the canto's "undeniable effectiveness" is "to be explained by the astonishingly forceful way in which the poem simplifies a problem as complicated as the relationship of art, life, and society." But how much simplification is tolerable? When Pound writes: "Duccio came not by usura / nor Pier della Francesca; Zuan Bellin' not by usura. . . ." I want to close the book, not because these notions offend me, but because they are so foolish. Piero and Bellini may not have "come by" Usura—they only "came by" treachery, fraud, murder, rape, poisonings, and all those other crimes committed by their great Renaissance patrons. And what about those great artists who did "come by" Usura? In *How To Read* Pound declared, "No man can write really good verse unless he knows Stendhal and Flaubert." Yet surely no age was more aggressively usurious than that of the July Monarchy and the Second Empire.

In short, however convincingly one may theorize about the dependence of a poet's esthetic on his politics, Pound happens to be *sui generis*. In reading the *Cantos*, one simply must separate the embarrassingly banal or prejudiced political passages from the great autobiographical and literary ones. Future selections from the *Cantos* will, I believe, omit large chunks of the Van Buren, Adams and *Monte de Paschi* Cantos, not because these will offend readers but because they will bore them. The great autobiographical passages, on the other hand—for example, most of the Pisan sequence—will be seen for what they are: a poetic triumph, the formal breakthrough that paved the way for the conjunction of poetry and prose, of high and low styles, of documentary realism juxtaposed with myth, that we find in Williams' *Paterson*, Lowell's *Life Studies*, Berryman's *Dream Songs* or O'Hara's "To the Film Industry in Crisis." As the poet who invented the free verse line as we now know it, who taught poets how to juxtapose the most disparate images, to charge proper names with amazing weight and density, to endow army slang, foreign accents and quirky dialects with poetic resonance, Pound is our contemporary in the best sense of the word: contemporary poetry simply could not exist without his model.

Thus, although Chace's argument about the interrelationship of politics and poetry is entirely valid in the case of most poets, including Eliot, try as he may he cannot quite fit Pound into his scheme. For as Williams, Pound's lifetime friend, put it, "I could never take [Pound] as a steady diet. Never. He was often brilliant but an ass."

Marjorie G. Perloff

"Deserving of a major literary award, as much for its scope as its perceptiveness."
—*Publishers Weekly*

COURT AND CONSTITUTION IN THE 20th CENTURY
The Modern Interpretation
by William F. Swindler

The Nixon Court. Its interpretation of the Constitution will have far-reaching effects. To understand its impact, the author of two earlier works, *Court and Constitution in the Twentieth Century: Volume 1: The Old Legality, 1889-1932*, and *Volume 2: The New Legality, 1932-1968*, provides a comprehensive analysis of what the Constitution means today and of how that meaning has evolved.
"A major work."—*Choice*

A selection of *The History* and *Macmillan Book Clubs* $12.95
At your bookseller
BOBBS-MERRILL

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

East is East

Darkness in Summer by Takeshi Kaiko

(Knopf; $6.95)

The heroine of *Darkness in Summer*, never named, is a visiting staff member of the Oriental Research Department for a European university. She has worked in a nightclub and had fled Japan because her attempts to enter the academic world had been continually frustrated. The hero, also not named, is a novelist-reporter who has wandered through various areas of the world and finally finds himself in Europe. He is the novel's narrator, telling the story of the relationship between him and the heroine who were lovers a decade earlier in Japan and meet again in a European city.

What distinguishes this work from the numerous novels dealing with alienation is that it concerns two Japanese who resume their love affair in an atmosphere and culture that is entirely foreign to both of them. It depicts, perhaps for the first time, the effect that the relatively recent freedom of travel has had on the Japanese psychologically; unable to accept or adjust to the culture or life-style in their own country, these Japanese now have an opportunity to escape its influence and establish a new way of life. As *Darkness in Summer* reveals, the result is not a happy one.

Separated from their own national ethos, they find themselves isolated from the ambience of whatever country they decide to remain in, inhabitants of a twilight world, floating pathetically in limbo. Japan is a nation with no historic experience of human migration; the Japanese intercultural contacts with other peoples have largely been on an abstract plane. The sense of isolation thus felt by Japanese is even greater than that felt by exiles of other nations.

It is interesting to note that in some ways Kaiko's novel is reminiscent of certain films made by Bergman. The very title of the novel, *Darkness in Summer*, offers an interesting contrast with Bergman's film, *Winter Light*. But a central theme of Bergman's is the silence of God and the utter loneliness of human beings. *Darkness in Summer*, dwelling on the loneliness of Japanese who abandon their homeland, omits any concept of God or even any system of theological thought.

The starkness and coldness of Bergman's *Winter Light* seem more bearable than "the hot, overripe summer" of Kaiko in which every object and every thought continually melts and flows relentlessly away. This may be because in Bergman's *Weltanschauung* there is still the semblance of a theological structure however hollow, illusive or inwardly decayed it may have become. In Kaiko there is a feeling of no structure at all—just a slow drifting downward into a bottomless body of water.

Imagery of water in its myriad forms permeates the novel and is ultimately and repeatedly used to describe the frenzied and erotic lovemaking of the two protagonists. In an instance of keen insight, Kaiko notes the elusiveness of words themselves:

> *Even a novel—you write a novel with words, but words are the ultimate imprecision. They are facts and matters, and yet they are nothing but obscurity and there is no specific weight in their meanings. Words can take on any connotation depending on one's experience. They are constantly living and changing. You can't stop them. They collapse as soon as you pause to scrutinize them.*

Paradoxically Kaiko's words do serve to convey the ceaseless flow of time, place and identity that his characters experience. At the end of the novel the lovers board a train that runs a circular route through a city that is divided into East and West. The train continues to follow its endless round journey and soon the couple can no longer distinguish between East or West, light or darkness, "life" or "death."

This first translation into English of a novel by Takeshi Kaiko indicates that he belongs in the first rank of Japanese writers like Kenzaburo Oe and Kobo Abe—two other authors whose works have been translated into English. With the suicide of Yukio Mishima and Yasunari Kawabata in recent years, they are Japan's most important living literary figures.

Norman J. Gallo

Coming
David Littlejohn
reviews
Joseph Blotner's
Life of William Faulkner

The Japan Experience by Ronald Bell

(Weatherhill; $7.95)

It is hard to imagine any people that spends as much time and energy as the Japanese learning who they are and what is unique about their culture. It is even harder to believe that so much activity has produced so little result. Yet without speculating about the reasons prompting their cultural narcissism, their search plays a crucial role in the continuing intellectual history of the nation. The Japanese need to discuss their identity; such discussion has developed into an independent genre. Few major writers have not tried their hand at it; such activity satisfies some deep social-psychological need known best only to the Japanese. We also know that it sells books. These days most large book stores in Japan reserve a special section for "soul books."

If it is difficult to understand why the Japanese seem so concerned with understanding themselves, it is equally puzzling why foreigners who travel to Japan, even live there, feel compelled to do the same. Ever since Lafcadio Hearn began to write about his experiences as a foreigner in the strange and still exotic landscape of late 19th- and early 20th-century Japan, foreigners have grappled with the question of experiencing Japan and making coherent sense of it. Ronald Bell's *The Japan Experience* reminds us once more that the compulsion still prevails, yet it brings us no closer to Hearn's experience nearly 75 years ago.

Bell has assembled 17 interviews with people who have spent some time in Japan. He explains his purpose in the introduction: "For years I have heard it said that no foreigner, no matter how long he has lived in Japan or how well he speaks the language and observes the intricate proprieties, has ever been truly accepted in Japanese society." All the interviews suggest that this continues to be a problem for many foreigners in Japan today. The selection of persons interviewed is wide-ranging: a cultural anthropologist, a British novelist (woman), an American writer (male), a naturalized Japanese (a former Jesuit), a foreigner as Zen priest, several scholars, a judo adept, a teacher (woman), graduate student (nisei), sumo wrestler, artist, architect, homosexual. From this variety of perspectives we learn Japan

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

has changed; Japan has not changed, only the surface has; Japanese eschew individualism; Japanese suffer from an excess of individualism; Japanese revere esthetic values; Japan is ugly; Japan is a relaxed society; Japanese are uptight; Japanese are polite; Japanese are impolite. Will the real Japan stand up?

I suppose one could quibble with Bell's choice of persons, but it really would not have mattered much if he had selected others. The real problem is reducing respondents to roles, even though all except the homosexual are identified by names. I can't help thinking that some of these respondents gave answers in terms of the role they had been assigned. This kind of awareness might account for the response of the woman British novelist who spent a year in Japan. Her responses to Bell's queries sound like a playback of *Hiroshima Mon Amour* or perhaps a reverse image of Japanese who come to Europe or the United States with the sole purpose of having an affair. Some of the responses are silly. An American architect who has spent much of his adult life in Japan believes in elite leadership (some of his best friends in Japan are aristocrats) and that no American city can compare with Tokyo for the excellence of its architecture. I don't know what Tokyo he's been looking at. Many of the responses are simply tired clichés. I think we've had enough about people who, in their search for inner peace, end up in Zen monasteries, or indeed students in pursuit of the martial arts. One wonders why every foreigner who travels to Japan must become an expert on the total Japanese experience. But above all else one gets the impression of déjà vu, a sense that life really does imitate art.

Bell says that many foreigners have confessed to him they have never won full acceptance by the Japanese. I've also heard the same complaints in the years I've spent in Japan and I've also seen the complainants turn to the same kind of psychologizing about character and culture. I've also wondered, a bit like Bell, why those who have committed themselves to an in-exile existence would care so much about what their hosts thought. In one of the few perceptive moments in the book Donald Richie, a novelist and film critic, says that people who come and stay in Japan "are often the kind of people who don't find much reality where they've been before." It is precisely this romantic impulse which, I think, inhibits the kind of acceptance that foreigners seem to crave of the Japanese. Elsewhere Richie suggests that foreigners who spend much time in Japan will finally realize that they probably had serious communications problems in the country they left, and this is one of the principal reasons why they left. But there is still another problem that neither he nor the other respondents ever raise. It is difficult to determine what kind of acceptance foreigners wish of the Japanese. What form of intimacy do they desire? How is it to be consummated? When will we know that their need has been satisfied? In response to the plaint that Japanese never fully accept foreigners I've always wondered about what such acceptance might entail and what such participation might require. We certainly get no answers to these questions, which seem so central to the people interviewed in this book, and to Bell, from someone seeking inner peace, a woman in search of a lay, a financial researcher who is a naturalized citizen and who grumbles about corruption as if to fulfill some symbolic gesture in lieu of action, or a homosexual who simply is interested in cruising.

If the Japanese remain at arm's length from their foreign residents it might have something to do with the recognition that many exiles are in fact leaving a place rather than going to one. If Japanese seem to draw the curtain on their foreign friends at a crucial moment in the relationship, it might have less to do with their being non-Japanese than with the occasion in which the event takes place. Most of the experiences Bell records are commonplace. Perhaps the only unique one is the case of Jesse Kuhaulua (Takamiyama) who, as a sumo wrestler, has cracked one of the more tradition-bound sanctuaries of Japanese culture. Ironically Kuhaulua doesn't seem to be dogged by the cultural anxieties of his fellow respondents.

Foreigners continue to go to Japan to study, to write, to teach, to gain enlightenment, to acquire nationality. The impulse to question their motives and to seek out the inner recesses of Japanese culture and character goes on. If no foreigner can understand Japanese culture, why do we continue to see foreigners trying to give shape to their Japan experience?

H. D. Harootunian

Recent Fiction

The Case Worker
by George Konrád

(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $6.95)

The true heirs of Kafka are not in the West but in Eastern Europe. Writers and filmmakers from Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary seem to partake of the Prague master's spirit with an instinctive ease that is often denied to their more self-conscious Western colleagues. In many Eastern European works the incommensurability of individual human endeavor with the "system" is depicted with such self-evident naturalness, such knowing grace—the absurd for their creators is such an intimately familiar mode of experience, that one often wonders whether what appears as grotesque surrealism in these works is not in fact the most scrupulous kind of naturalism. Truly there is nothing abstract, ahistorical or patently parabolic about the Eastern European absurd; its roots are in the drab, pre-World War I office buildings of Prague and Budapest, and in the human souls ravaged by war and political terror. This absurd feeds on slogans: Nazi slogans, Communist slogans, on nostalgia, revulsion, despair; it lurks in the back streets and ancient squares of aging, decaying cities, in tenements adorned with plaster nymphs and pockmarked by bullet holes.

At first glance, there doesn't seem to be anything either absurd or particularly Eastern European about *The Case Worker*, a stunning first novel by George Konrád, a young Hungarian writer (in a translation by Paul Aston). Its hero, a Budapest social worker in charge of children from broken homes, appears to be a universal figure—a lonely, doubt-ridden man trying to comprehend the scope and texture of human misery. But curiously enough, it is not only the background of some of his clients, or oblique references to past political events that make one gradually aware of the work's locus, but the seemingly supranational supraregional peculiarities of the descriptions as well: the endless enumerations of bizarre objects, outrageous incidents, sickening places, pathetic characters. For these precise and dispassionate accounts of the most horrendous forms of degradation and suffering have also become something

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of an Eastern European specialty—if only because they *are* so simple and straightforward, and never sensationalist or self-indulgent in the Western manner. (In reading Konrád's book, one thinks inevitably of Jerzy Kosinski who in his terse tales of human perversity has also drawn on his Eastern European experiences.) But Konrád, though he himself worked as a superintendent in a child welfare agency and has, like Kosinski, a background in sociology, is not merely a dispassionate observer and recorder. The case worker's daily dealings with the dregs of society: hopeless misfits, morons, would-be suicides, perverts, maniacs, have not made him indifferent; they simply taught him the limits of his effectiveness, turned his anguish into quiet melancholy and made him more aware of his wards' grotesqueries.

Before this happens, though, he has to immerse himself totally in the squalid world of his clients; he has to become one of them. And he does, by adopting a little boy, a congenital idiot, whose deranged parents have committed suicide. For a time he moves into their grimy, junk-filled apartment, and neglecting his job and family, becomes a veritable underground man. Though executed with great skill, this is one part of the book that is difficult to accept—perhaps because here the author is too much aware of his literary forbears. (The case worker's deterioration—for example, his growing aversion to objects—clearly parallels Gregor Samsa's decline, and in case one didn't get the point, the entire section is called "Metamorphosis.") His love for the boy—a five-year-old, fuzzy-haired savage who evokes terror rather than compassion—is somewhat abstract. What he is really out to prove, it seems, is that the line dividing middle-class respectability and a wretched underground existence is ever so thin: there, but for the grace of God. . . . Not exactly a new idea.

The book is far more convincing and gripping when we see the case worker with his clients, who come to him with their endless litany of complaints, threats, confessions. There is the 13-year-old girl who tears her hymen and then accuses her stepfather of having raped her; the alcoholic mother who sleeps with her 15-year-old half-wit son; the young man who is afraid to go home because he knows he will want to kill his father; the laborer suffering from cancer of the bone, who "polishes off a bottle of lye" when he realizes that his wife's widow's pension will amount to more than his disability allowance; the housewife who believes that her husband, who has deserted her, cuts holes in the ceiling and peeks at her with a spyglass, "showing the other woman what I've come to." With a mixture of empathy and detached irony the case worker listens to these horror stories and does what he can, which is not much. "With a stroke of the surgical knife it might be possible to cut short the propagation of human weaknesses," he says; "but just as a living body rejects alien matter, so everyday life evacuates all peremptory regulations, cozily dogmatic verdicts—in a word, everything that is strictly logical and consistent—and then proceeds to solve its problems by quiet trickery and always in the most unexpected way."

What makes Konrád's book a remarkable achievement—what transforms the sociological content of his work into art—is that he succeeds in revealing, with his physical descriptions even more effectively than with the actual case histories, the true state of his clients. In dingy workers' flats, evil-smelling bars, fortresslike marketplaces, cavernous railroad stations—wherever his rounds take him—the case worker becomes acutely aware of his surroundings, of sights and sounds and things, most of all, things. Walking through a crumbling tenement, he sees worthless, intimate, bizarre, obscene objects which keep accumulating; they clutter up our mind, just as they clutter up the lives of the people who nevertheless cling to them desperately. Konrád, almost in the manner of the French *nouveau roman*, constructs a world of precisely observed objects—but his objects speak, and their tales of woe remain vivid.

The only other examples of Konrád's stylistic departure from his clinically concise narrative are his occasional anguished outbursts. But even in the searing parallel sentences of these prose poems, we find no rhetorical exaggeration, only an intense concentration on fact, a mixture of impassioned plea and ironic understatement.

> *Minute air bubbles immured in limestone; such are the neglected opportunities of the free will. But even if my power of action is only one such bubble, there in that diminutive cavity I must huddle and render judgment. Don't throw the newborn baby into the garbage pail. Don't let your infant starve. If baby is ill, call a doctor. It is not advisable to tie a baby to his crib, sit him down on a hot stove, shut him up in the icebox, put his finger into an electric socket, or beat him with a trouser belt, rolling pin, chair leg, carpet beater, wooden spoon, broomstick, clothesline, or shoe heel. Refrain from raping teen-aged girls, particularly your own. While making love, do not crush your sleeping child against the wall. Don't feed him brandy, don't pawn his winter coat, don't give your girlfriend his supper, don't let him be devoured by lice, don't call his mother a whore or his father a bastard, don't threaten him with your service pistol, don't send him out begging, don't train him to be a pickpocket, don't sell him to elderly queers, don't urinate in his school bag, don't leave him behind on the train, don't cheat him, don't laugh at him, don't shout him down, don't bellow at him, don't shame him; in a word, as far as possible respect the innocence of his beginnings.*

Konrád's novel is not only an artistic *tour de force*, it is also a moral triumph—a book without despair is not altogether despairing. Not that we are overwhelmed with optimism. The case worker does not believe that he will ever be anything but a "skeptical bureaucrat," nor that he will ever leave his city to which he is "bound inexorably by habit." And he does not believe in panaceas, "in antitechnological, anticonformist, anticommunist, anticapitalist, antibureaucratic, and antirationalist salvation." The only thing he really believes in is that sometimes, for brief spells, it is possible to alleviate suffering. "Even a frail branch can catch a suicide in his fall," he tells one of his clients.

Ivan Sanders

AUTHORS WANTED BY NEW YORK PUBLISHER

Leading book publisher seeks manuscripts of all types: fiction, non-fiction, poetry, scholarly and juvenile works, etc. New authors welcomed. For complete information, send for booklet NR-1. It's free. Vantage Press, 516 West 34 St., New York, N.Y. 10001.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Enormous Changes at the Last Minute by Grace Paley

(Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $6.95)

When Grace Paley's first collection of stories, *The Little Disturbances of Man*, appeared in 1959, it was clear at once that a fresh writing talent had presented itself. While her subject matter—the frantic life of urban men and women, mostly Jews, in and around the West Village—was hardly new, her style was very much her own. She wrote like the ultimate *yenta*, Molly Goldberg raised to a fine art without losing her roots in oral speech, and the stories she told were splendidly suited to her style, being mostly tales of feminine woe of the kind that would set Molly Goldberg's tongue wagging—women abandoned by husbands, women caring for small kids in airless flats, and in the best of the tales in that first book, "Goodbye and Good Luck," a woman kept by a celebrated actor of the Yiddish theater. In this triumph of style, a conventional story of a young girl and an older man is turned into a comic routine with a happy ending.

But a comic routine isn't even a three-act Neil Simon play, and a virtuoso style has its own pitfalls, more obvious in Paley's new collection, *Enormous Changes at the Last Minute*, which reprints a generous selection of her work from the past 15 years. The setting is the same—the increasingly grimy and decaying streets of Manhattan and Brooklyn—and many of the same characters appear for a second turn, most notably Johnny Raftery and Ginny, and piecemeal Faith with her boys Richard and Tonto—while the style is, if anything, more dazzling than ever.

The question is: to what purpose so much bedazzlement? And the answer, I think, is: to keep the stories from sinking into the quicksands of their own misery. For even with the glitter of its style, over which Paley skates like some Olympic champion of language, *Enormous Changes* is a book of losses and failures that add up to one of the most depressing works of fiction to be published in the last decade, hardly a time noted for the prevalence of upbeat writing.

First there's the setting. Paley knows what travel writers and eager young things don't want to see, that New York is a city of failures. Of course there are successful ones, more than a handful, dwellers in certain East Side blocks, luxury apartments and Fifth Avenue cooperatives, but they're the cream, 500,000 skimmed off the 6.5 million others huddled in cramped tenements, clustered in Lefrak City's human hive, or wiping the venetian blinds in antique brick semidetached houses clinging to the edges of the city in Canarsie or Staten Island.

These failures are Paley's people and the inhabitants of her stories, especially the mothers who sit lumpily on park benches so that their pasty-faced children will get as much of the sun as the smog-ridden parks can attract. And they are going nowhere but home to kitchens of sour milk and roaches, a fact they try to disguise with all the jauntiness they can muster, a true New York salesman's jauntiness, like the diamond pinky ring flashed to conceal the too-shiny suit and the shirt with a frayed collar.

But beneath that jauntiness, which is Paley's style, the stories sag into consistent failure. Poor blonde Faith, who moves easily from the first collection to the second and takes on a more detailed existence, finds no way out of her impasse as an aging divorcée with two sons growing up and away from her, sans career or even a job to lend her identity. A young friend of hers dies. Her childhood neighborhood has been taken over by blacks who consume even her memories. Ahead is only the old age of her parents.

Death and old age are, in fact, the leitmotifs of this collection, even when young people are featured. Paley can't imagine any public stage for them to act upon and she has lost confidence in the ability of private passions to assure happiness. Nor is it a dilemma imagined for the sake of plot—put 'em in a box and watch 'em get out again. Most of Paley's stories are too short for any plot. They're quick sketches, blackouts, comic monologues spoken in a theater bereft of audience by a voice increasingly desperate for coherence.

Finally though, there isn't any coherence, or nothing more substantial than the style, to which we return in the absence of anything else that will reward our attention. One of her characters exclaims, "Tragedy! . . . When will you look it in the face?" But it's not tragedy that weighs down these stories, it's no more than despair and repetition. Tragedy suggests depths and alternatives and is built into a world of choices. Paley's world, while a plausible look at the way we live now, is severely limited, the world as given, without any imagined alternatives, only endless vistas of crumbling buildings, bedrooms opening onto air shafts, and a phalanx of old people's homes rimming the boardwalk where young people frolicked so long ago that even the memory of such happy days can barely be clutched from the darkening air.

Michele Murray

Samson, Strong Man

Manoah: I cannot praise your marriage choices, son.—Milton

Lately I've been thinking
about Samson a lot.
I like him because he
wasn't clever and
because he liked riddles
and because he
loved only women who
betrayed him. Twice.
The second time did it—
sped him into destiny.

Samson, strong man,
had muscles and a mission.
His strength was in
his hair, not in his head.
Folklore says he rubbed
two mountains against
each other, and that
his hair rang out like
bells when the spirit
of God blew through them.
(That he tore a lion
with his bare hands
we know already.)

Some people take
a long time learning.
It was only eyeless
in Gaza that Samson
came to true wisdom.
Hands taut against
the pillars, he
knew the score:
called to the gallery
God is One! and
brought the house down

Etta Blum

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Lives and Times of Bernardo Brown by Geoffrey Household

(Little, Brown; $7.95)

The picaresque novel has a long tradition in English literature from Daniel Defoe to John Buchan, and on to its present active exponent, Geoffrey Household. He has written almost a dozen such books of suspense or adventure, among which *Rogue Male* (1939) achieved the greatest distinction.

As in many of his other novels of action, *The Lives and Times of Bernardo Brown* is thick with incident, thin on characterization. The year is 1925. Bernardo Brown, the protagonist, is an unassuming shipping clerk who, while strolling along a Spanish beach near his place of employment, suddenly hears shots overhead. His attempt to escape involvement traps him into puff-ball intrigues which make him the concern of police and intelligence agents throughout six countries. He learns, much to his astonishment, that he is suspected of murdering a Romanoff, planting counterfeit francs on the ex-Empress Zita of Hungary, conducting espionage on a complicated scale, and perpetuating other less magisterial tour jetés. Throughout his manipulated experiences he is aided by a zany cast of eccentric noblemen, lush women, a band of gypsies, a small colony of orthodox Jews, prostitutes, a beautiful Russian emigré with four breasts, and even King Alfonso of Spain. Since the tale is told retrospectively by an elderly self, one knows from the start that no matter what dangers and deprivations he undergoes, he survives in tip-top shape and creaseless wit. He has proved as romantic as his Spanish mother and as doughty as his English sire.

Household re-creates his familiar world in this novel. One is aware of his intimate knowledge of geography: the British west countryside, the Mediterranean, Hungary and Roumania. His reiterated themes of courage, loyalty, personal honor and endurance ring with customary geniality. As in other novels, such as *A Rough Shoot, Watcher in the Shadows, Olura, The Courtesy of Death* and *Doom's Caravan*, the beset protagonist measures his skills against unknown adversaries and accusations with sometimes unexpected, but always unfailing, expertise. Nor does he falter as an upholder of traditional virtues even though his travails may temporarily involve him in cuckoldry or pimping. One can always, figuratively, detect the scent of obliging hawthorn, briar pipe and good tweeds.

Unfortunately however, *The Lives and Times of Bernardo Brown* creaks. The Arabian Nights have entered the shadows; one hopes that Mr. Household will employ his genial and deft style in a new novel of greater staying power.

Regina Barnes

Mighty Shovel

Blue-Collar Journal by John R. Coleman

(Lippincott; $6.95)

It seems puckish—if not profane—for a comfortably esconced college president to slip surreptitiously from his genteel campus chores and head south toward hard labor in a slimy sewer construction job near Atlanta. Yet this is precisely what Haverford's John Coleman did last winter. Other college presidents (and I am one of that beleaguered breed) will read this journal with envy or cynicism. Academics have been known to use sabbaticals to moonlight at, preferably, distant and more prestigious universities, vanish into libraries or museums, embark on archeological digs or marine divings. But work with hands and back and feet? Never! So Coleman must be either cool or crazy. Yet neither description fully fits him. His journal teaches us lessons once learned and then, often, soon forgot.

Coleman's odyssey (extending from mid-February to mid-April 1973 and with appropriate breaks for such mundane chores as chairing meetings of the Federal Reserve Board of Philadelphia) consisted of three phases. The first was with tough and demanding Gus Reed's Georgia construction firm where 11-hour days of back-breaking work convinced Coleman that shovel and pail were mightier than sword and pen. The second job, after a few frustrating starts, was in a Boston oyster house as a cook's helper. The third found Coleman cheerfully working his way down, up and upside down, as a garbage collector in College Park, home of the University of Maryland. In a symmetrical work calculus, each of his three jobs lasted about three weeks—long enough for him to learn and short enough for early escape should the going get too rough. Appropriately, three questions arise: What prompted Coleman to embark on this most unorthodox of sabbaticals? What did Coleman learn? And what do we learn from him?

Coleman makes clear that his motivations were not altruistic:

> *I didn't fancy myself a missionary, a healer, or even a teacher. I still don't. I didn't think I was going to put America together again. My motive was much more selfish than that. I felt compelled to try to learn some lessons forgotten or never understood about the world of work. Until I did that, I'd be less alive than I wanted to be in the rest of the 1970's.*

And what did he learn? Many things. He recognized the stupidity of facile generalizations regarding workers and their views. "I have heard talk about schooling, busing, welfare, taxation, Billy Graham, diets and the Red Sox," and "if there is a working-class view on these matters, that word hasn't reached the Oyster House yet." He was impressed by the vitality of the much maligned work ethic, if that term means the average worker's desire to labor rather than loaf, esteem craftsmanship over shabbiness, to accept the boss' directions so long as he knew the business, and to direct criticism over his economic plight to how much things cost and not how little he was paid.

Economic theory took on bruising meaning for Coleman, the professional economist, when he compared income and expenses and experienced the chagrin of being marginally solvent—without reckoning expenses for insurance, health care, car upkeep, children's needs and the like. Take-home pay of $5200 impressed Coleman with the evil of yawning gaps between his blue-collar and his white-collar earnings. Must the gap be so wide, so unbridgeable?

There were other lessons. Coleman counted the spadefuls (9000) required for one day's intensive work, and then introduced his own time-and-motion theories by testing different shoveling techniques for the job. Less physical investment was required for him to learn, he says, that abuse of power of business was a myth. In working with

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Reserve Board in Philadelphia before the pilgrimage, Coleman noted that its directors had economic interests that sometimes did not coincide with the national interest but "time and time again, each put his views of which is best for the economy ahead of what is best for his firm."

Above all there was time for self-reappraisal. He recognized two important things about himself: despite disclaimers he is a hard person to know, and despite his obvious sympathy, working *with* the oppressed and dispossessed was easier than working *for* them. Coleman's violent reaction to his work in a nursing home brought a frank insight into himself—and the rest of us.

> *It was a small two-story red-brick building close to a crowded street, the type that seems to have been put up without any help or hindrance from an architect. The patients' windows facing the street were dirty and wet, but one could still see the signs of death and decay through their panes. Drooping plants, empty Coke cups, and dusty get-well cards were on the sills. The lobby was small and dimly lit by cold lights, but it was not dark enough to hide the sight of the very old people filling all the available seats. Their bodies were thin and sagging like the chairs on which they sat. The color was gone from their skins. They looked, but didn't seem to see or care. Nothing in the room relieved the gloom. Eight people on eight chairs waiting for eight ends.*

Finally, what have we learned from Coleman? Five things: 1) all work has dignity; 2) tough language hallmarks tough—not dirty—men; 3) there is still that resiliency in the American character that has intrigued foreign observers from de Tocqueville to Dennis Brogan; 4) people worry about tax bills and not public charity; and 5) even the most unskilled prefer respect to sympathy. It is melancholic to think that experience in sewer or kitchen or trash piles is required to keep vital these homely lessons. But Coleman's account suggests that melancholy may be the beginning of wisdom.

Clarence C. Walton

Coming

T. S. Matthews'
Great Tom
reviewed by
Stanley Weintraub

Home State Boy

The Old Man and Lesser Mortals by Larry L. King

(Viking; $8.95)

Larry L. King's new collection of magazine pieces all have their roots in the scorched, flat Texas country where the author was raised. King left home to go north but he never forgot his native land, and his writing, here as well as in his earlier collections and his political novel *The One-Eyed Man*, contains a continuing wrestling match with his heritage. Smalltown folksiness underlies the slick magazine writer's polish—King remains suspicious of the big city boys. Both proud of and apologetic about his background, King clearly thinks of himself as a country boy who made good despite the odds. As he hobnobs with senators or sips cocktails with the New York literary brigade, he's surprised that this son of a nightwatchman should have ended up where he did.

In his earlier, anecdotal *Confessions of a White Racist*, King recorded his tentative victories over the bad habits handed down by Texas people. He encountered racist thinking in other parts of America—in the army, in Washington, in New York—but his deepest struggle is with his inheritance: how could his own people, whom he loves and respects, bequeath so narrow and foolish a legacy? In the title piece three generations of Kings visit the Alamo. Typically, the author finds himself caught between affection and criticism: his father, the hero of the piece, has lived a hard, simple life close to the land, but he is amazed by the wizened patriarch's absolute provinciality.

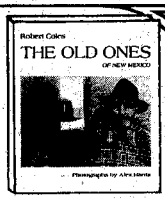
King's choice of subjects may also seem provincial. A trip to the Alamo; the experiences of a country lawyer; a tour with Brother Dave, a crazed right-wing comic; a visit to a diner in Loving County; a local football game; a brief history of the Grand Ole Opry—these topics are indications of the author's hometown sensibility, but King "works" his material for larger purposes than local color portraiture. His trips home afford glimpses of the national state of mind. His reactions to his son's football performance, for instance, tell us something about American notions of masculinity. The country lawyer's career and the paranoid fantasies of Jessie Ford Hill, which resulted in the murder of a black man, raise once again King's concern with deep-seated American racism. On the road with Brother Dave is a "spooky" journey, a nightmare vision of vicious wrong-headedness that dramatizes a John Birch American Legion mentality at the outer edge.

Skillfully King builds his miniature subjects into capacious essays on the American character. The almost inevitable backdrops to a piece—the sad, dingy bars, the plastic burger joints, peroxided waitresses at roadside hash houses, hillbilly wisdom, main streets on Saturday night, the vast arid plains—are elaborated into a vision of a vanishing America, a land once hard but now grinding its way down to sleepy towns with their last picture shows.

With these circumscribed, personally accented pieces drawn from the American heartland, King is unfailingly vivid. When he's up north, attacking Jacqueline Susann's idiocies or recalling the great days at *Harper's* or mocking his own literary aspirations with regard to the National Book Award, he's always crisp and personable (how he wants us to like him), but he's not as special as when he's on home ground. Curiously, when he goes to work on his biggest subject, the one with the most immediate national significance—a behind-the-scenes look at a race for House majority leader—he scales his sights downward, and the thoroughly researched report reads like a well paced melodrama in *The Best Man* mold.

Compulsively genial, opinionated, always embellishing his pieces with the personal touch, King is flagrantly a new journalist. These pieces read like personal reminiscences, scattered reports on a life in progress: he is a master of

THE OLD ONES
OF NEW MEXICO
by Robert Coles



Portraits of men and women whose way of life has brought them a serene dignity and lasting respect in old age. Photos by Alex Harris. $7.95 at all bookstores or direct from UNIVERSITY OF NEW MEXICO PRESS ALBUQUERQUE, N.M. 87131

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

investigative reporting in the form of memoirs.

The Old Man and Lesser Mortals is in fact King's hefty contribution to Southern literature. Like his mentor and friend Willie Morris (whose own *North Toward Home* and *Yazoo* this new book closely resembles) King is a Southern writer possessed of that breed's marvelous gift of gab and lyrical power. King and Morris write with an "I" at the center of their work; their writing is densely atmospheric, convivial even as it launches embittered attacks against defects in the American way, sentimental even as it is persistently tough-minded. King and Morris are the "straight" Southern counterparts to the Gothic school of writers like Tennessee Williams, Flannery O'Connor and Carson McCullers.

Foster Hirsch

Gas Line Book

Words and Their Masters by Israel Shenker

(Doubleday; $12.50)

This collection of 67 pieces, liberally interlarded with one-line column-fillers and several dozen photographs, seems intended to revive the almost vanished art of the short essay, which, since the palmy days of Woollcott and Benchley, has fallen into a decline.

Unfortunately that is where it will have to stay for the time being. The trouble is not with Shenker's subject matter: his specialties are interviews with writers and disquisitions on such verbal phenomena as Briticisms, Americanisms, jargon, proverbs, trademarks and the like—all of which ought to be treatable in two or three pages apiece. But the trick is to write briefly without seeming to write superficially, and Shenker doesn't consistently bring it off. Almost all the essays appeared in *The New York Times*, and while they must have made pleasant enough diversions sandwiched between AP dispatches, in book form they seem thin.

Perhaps this is so because newspaper writing—even for venerable, scholarly newspapers like the *Times*—demands an emphasis on facts at the expense of conclusions or ideas. Thus it is mildly interesting to learn that Nabokov writes standing up at a lectern, that Simenon cleans off his desk before starting a novel, that Malamud retypes a page or two of the previous day's production in order to prime the creative pump—but we're not brought thereby to consider what it is that they produce in their singular fashions. Too many of these essays are catalogues, with seldom an inference drawn or a theory developed. "Briticisms," for example, is little more than a collection of several dozen British idioms; even if we don't already know that *schedule* is pronounced *shedule* over there, after three pages the sheer accumulation of detail begins to weigh heavily.

Another quirk of newspaper style to which Shenker is addicted is the mini-paragraph, only a sentence or two long: "I. F. Stone is a radical journalist who cannot bear the thought of not knowing the worst about any situation," or "Mr. De Vries is the kind of dreamer who constructs castles for the sake of the moat. Then he waits for damsels of nighthood [*sic*] to drop in." This fondness for the terse and epigrammatic would be fine if Shenker were always capable of Wildean felicities of phrasing, but phrasing is hardly the strongest suit of a man who can put questions like "What struggles these days for pride of trace in your mind?" and "What are your views about man's upward climb from slime?" to the arch-stylist himself, Vladimir Nabokov. Too often the effect of 10 or 12 short paragraphs on the page is to fragment what Shenker is saying into tiny discrete pieces—to reinforce his penchant for cataloguing, in effect.

Still, with all those arrows flying, there are bound to be a few bull's-eyes. The interview with Russell Baker is lucid and entertaining (perhaps because Shenker knows him from the *Times*), "Congo Drums" is full of curious information, there's a funny parody of S. J. Perelman in the second of three pieces devoted to him, and finally, in by far the most successful essay, Shenker gives us what may be the best short introduction yet written to Noam Chomsky and to generative grammar. But that essay, like the fine one on Isaac Bashevis Singer, was written not for the *Times* but for a national magazine. It just shows you what a man can do with a longer deadline.

Jill Krementz's photographs are more uniformly interesting, though a number of them evoke the specter of those Bachrach portraits of industrial magnates, three-quarter view and backlit, which accompany announcements of corporate mergers. Brigid Brophy in particular is transformed into a stern leader of men, though for all I know she may look like one—just as Simenon may resemble a timid CPA, Rex Stout a wild-eyed John Brown, and David Levine one of his own caricatures. The best pictures are those of Ionesco, Chomsky, Singer, Jonathan Miller and Kurt Vonnegut; they're not simply tight close-ups of faces, but wide-angled glimpses of how and where their subjects live, of Chomsky's scribbled blackboard, Singer's bare apartment, Miller's graceful and angular body.

Still the book is hardly a visual treat. Most of the pictures have the look, ironically, of newspaper photographs, since they're printed with a lamentable lack of contrast, all grays and no true blacks and whites. The volume itself is strangely designed; in size, format and typography it is irresistibly reminiscent of a high school biology text. It's not big enough or beautiful enough for a coffee-table book, but one isn't inclined to read it straight through; like a daytime serial, it's best experienced intermittently, while doing something else at the time. Perhaps it's a dashboard book, to be dipped into in one's car while waiting in line to buy gas.

Richard Horwich

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

MARJORIE G. PERLOFF *teaches English at the University of Maryland and is the author of* The Poetic Art of Robert Lowell *(Cornell University Press).* NORMAN J. GALLO *has contributed to the* Nation *and* Asian Forum. H. D. HAROOTUNIAN *is Max Palevsky professor of history at the University of Chicago.* MICHELE MURRAY *is the author of* A House of Good Proportion *(Simon & Schuster).* IVAN SANDERS *teaches English at Suffolk Community College and contributes to* Books Abroad. CLARENCE WALTON *is president of The Catholic University of America.* RICHARD HORWICH *teaches English at Brooklyn College.* FOSTER HIRSCH *is a free-lance writer and teacher of drama and film at Brooklyn College.* JAMES GILBERT *teaches history at the University of Maryland.* ETTA BLUM *has had verse printed in* Poetry, The Paris Review *and elsewhere.* SARA MILES *is a 21-year-old poet living in W. Virginia.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he had been tortured but, she concedes, he *may* have behaved as he did that day because of his previous mistreatment. She wrote to his wife that he seemed in good health and spirits, and his wife, failing to write back, somehow confirms her low opinion and dislike of the colonel. If he had been tortured, however, she is sure the North Vietnamese leaders, especially Pham Van Dong, "a highly perceptive and intelligent man," could not possibly have known about it.

But no matter. "The full truth of what went on in the camps is not yet known . . . Colonel Risner does not convince me that he is giving the full truth of his experiences . . . It would be interesting to hear the North Vietnamese 'side' " as well as "the 'side' of the prisoners who were not physically mistreated." Especially those, she concludes with her usual *coup de grâce*, who "did not belong to Risner's tightly organized resistance network."

This is review by insinuation, implication, sly suggestion, review by strategically placed minor doubts to discredit what might well be major truth. Because Risner's face is squirrely, he has a sweet tooth, has an immediately unlikable (to her) personality, because his wife inexplicably did not answer her letter, because he was careless with adjectives, and because he thought she'd asked to see him and she had not: this is enough to lay forever the fellow's story of months of torture, years of mistreatment in captivity. Choose "between his general accuracy [and mine]," she admonishes us.

In a way it is fortunate that Risner said nothing more about the Bibles because on this subject Mary McCarthy's memory fails her. She cannot remember whether or not she "sent some books, including Bibles, to the US prisoners or whether I forgot to. Both are equally likely."

So much for the higher reaches of book criticism.

Kauffmann, *from page 20*

him off-Broadway (*TNR*, Oct. 11, 1969). The other anachronisms include a villain called Hedley Lamarr, whose first name is continually mispronounced as Hedy—a limited joke—and a Yiddish-speaking Indian chief (Brooks). This last is borscht-circuit stuff, parochially smug. And Brooks' directorial timing is deplorable. The moment when Little first rides into town and the very last sight gag run about 15 or 20 seconds after we have got the point, an immense lag in films.

But Brooks is a funny man and he can't work on a picture as feverishly as this without getting some laughs. First, there's the title. Some other instances: Alex Karras, the footballer, plays a hulking moron who, when insulted by a passing rider, lumbers over and knocks out the man's horse. Gene Wilder, by whom I am left unenchanted, is given a few good gags as the fastest gun in the West. And Madeline Kahn, who was the cooch dancer in *Paper Moon*, does a really witty parody of Marlene Dietrich in *Destry Rides Again*. If you want to take pot luck, there are some chunks of comic nourishment in the *Blazing Saddles* stew.

Personals

HUMANISM: Position of Bertrand Russell, Thomas Szasz, Julian Huxley. A vital philosophy for free thinkers who really care about people. Free information and copy of Humanist Manifesto II. American Humanist Association, Dept. NR, Box 7692, San Francisco, California 94120.

WHEN YOU NEED HELP but not psychiatry, you need CONFIDE. Effective, affordable counseling by cassette, letter, telephone. No taboos, no platitudes. Ask for free brochure. CONFIDE—Personal Counseling Services, Inc., Box 56-NRB, Tappan, New York 10983. Dial (914) 359-8860 anytime.

HELP OVERCOME DISCRIMINATION and severe underprivilege. Sponsor a Spanish-American school child in New Mexico. Correspondence. Visitation. $180. per year. Futures for Children, 5612 Parkston Rd., Washington, D. C. 20016.

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS IN DEPTH, $10.00 and sample to Elisabeth King, 41 E. 29th Street, New York 10016.

TIME TO RENEW WATCHBAND CALENDAR? 12 months, $1.50 (specify starting date). For "Happy Birthday—Have A Year on Me" card, add 25¢. IDEA HOUSE, Rye, N.Y. 10580

The Natives of Hemsö

A Novel by **AUGUST STRINDBERG**
Translated from the Swedish by
Arvid Paulson
Long one of Strindberg's most popular works in Europe, a tragicomedy of pragmatic marriage, jealousies, and ambition set among farmers and fishermen on a Swedish island.
Paper $2.95

Two new collections of poetry

No Vacancies in Hell

DANIEL MARK EPSTEIN
Poems of love and history, set in Baltimore, Tidewater, and Appalachian Maryland, but boundless in their appeal. $4.95, paper $2.50

The Page Turner

DAVID SHAPIRO
The fourth collection of work by one of the best of the younger New York poets whose last book was nominated for the National Book Award. $4.95, paper $2.50

Liveright
386 Park Avenue South New York 10016

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRIMAL-BASED THEORY and practice. Bay Area Information: CEL, 104 The Alameda, San Anselmo, California 94960 (415) 457-3820

HAVING SEXUAL PROBLEMS? Masters and Johnson techniques trained therapist by appointment (212) 691-0379. SEXUAL COUNSELING SERVICE, 44 West 12th Street, New York City 10011

BICENTENNIAL NECKTIE: Direct from Concord. Symbolized elegantly with minutemen and "76" figures. Specify red or blue. $7.95 from Heritage Items, Box 121, Concord Massachusetts.

STUDENTS: $3 buys better grades—through improved concentration, retention, communication. Enjoyable routines! Schindler-Reeve, Box 241, Laguna Beach, California 92652.

UNIQUE PROJECT, helping Christians teach themselves about Judaism from Jewish viewpoint, needs funding. Kaufmans, 366 Terrace Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio 45220.

PRESCRIPTION MYSTERIES SOLVED. Now for the first time you can find out what your Doctor has prescribed. Complete manufacturers instructions; use, contents, contraindications, etc. Send name of medication and $2. to Nationwide Drug Company, P.O. Box 6096, Washington, D. C. 20005

HELP AN UNDERPRIVILEGED AMERICAN INDIAN CHILD to remain in school, and have a new friend who needs you. $15 monthly. Futures for Children, 5612 Parkston Road, Washington, D. C. 20016, (301) 320-3536.

Bumperstickers

VINYL BUMPERSTICKERS! "Impeach Nixon!," "Nixon Leaves Me Cold!," "More Gas And Less Nixon!," "E.R.A. Spells Equality!," "Nixon: America's No. 1 Non-Taxpayer," "More Steak And Less Baloney!," "Prices Too High? Nixon's The One!," "Jail To The Chief!," "Don't Blame Me, I Voted For McGovern," "Visit $an Clemente (You Paid For It!)." 2/$1, 6/$2, 20/$5. Bulk/Dealer discounts! CHECKERS ENTERPRISES. Box 942E, St. Louis, Mo., 63188.

NIXON HAS A STAFF INFECTION, PAY YOUR TAXES (LIKE NIXON DOES), others. New E-Z-off vinyl bumperstickers. 50¢/ea., 3/$1. Creative Expressions, Box 6227, Virginia Beach, Virginia 23456.

BUMPERSTICKERS, DECALS, BUTTONS, POSTERS. Custom-made creative work—genuine low prices. Information: Sullivan Advertising Company, 16 North Central, Clayton, Missouri 63105

WATERGATE'S NOT WATER! It's cesspool of CAPITALISM BESPATTERING US. IMPEACH NIXON? Hell, IMPEACH CAPITALISM! Capitalism is the CAUSE of the cancers that convulse us. We need SOCIALIST RECONSTRUCTION. Why? What? How? Read THE SOCIALIST REPUBLIC, the magazine that cuts through the symptoms to expose the cause. Six issues for depreciating $2.00. Send no money now. Write IMMEDIATELY Box 825-R, N.Y., N.Y. 10010.

BUMPERSTICKERS, DECALS, BUTTONS. Low-cost, custom made advertising for your Business, Special Event, Organization or Political Campaign. Buy direct from manufacturer and SAVE! Please state intended use for appropriate samples. Write for FREE Brochure. Price List and Samples. REFLECTIVE ADVERTISING INC. Dept. NR, 8551 Page Boulevard, St. Louis, Missouri 63114. Phone (314) 423-5495.

Campaign '74

SEND NED PARSEKIAN TO CONGRESS

ADA's 1973 VOTING RECORD rates all U.S. Senators and Representatives on key recorded votes. Indispensable for '74 elections. Single copy $1; bulk prices on request. Americans for Democratic Action, 1424 16th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036

Photographs

SELL YOUR PHOTOS. Copyrighted report tells how, where. Color slide markets. Only $1.00. Steve Jaffe, 415 East 80th Street, New York, New York 10021.

Literature

HOT EXPOSÉ BOOK: "V.F.W. TREACHERY" Authentic presage to Watergate; from local post to Commander-in-Chief himself, $2.00. Brief Books, Box 15671, San Diego, California 92115.

PMs (1940-48)—Good condition. Over 2500 issues, 95 percent complete, including first edition of this great liberal newspaper, $4,000. Box 124, Wall Street Station, New York City 10005.

SURVIVAL, media-analysis newsletter, examines press-radio-TV coverup of phony oil "crisis" in current five-chapter series. Subscription 30 issues $12.00, 14 issues $6.00. Five sample issues $1.00. SURVIVAL 507 Fifth Avenue, New York 10017.

SPECIAL: DR. SEUSS' *HORTON HEARS A WHO*, $2.50 ($3.50 list). Free list discount children's books. Spring Church Books, Box 127R, Spring Church, Pennsylvania 15686

HOW TO DISINHERIT IRS explains every legal way to reduce federal estate taxes, each state's inheritance taxes, probate expenses, income taxes. 340 pages, $9.95. National Council To Eliminate Death Taxes, Bovey, Minnesota 55709.

READ THE GUARDIAN—newsweekly gives MARXIST viewpoint on national and international news. Special 8-week trial sub., $1.00. GUARDIAN, Dept. NR, 32 W. 22nd Street, New York, New York 10010. (Full year $12.50, student $7.50)

BOOKS ABOUT ARCHITECTURE, transportation, and Urban Environments. For price lists, write Deck NR, The Rigley Book Company, P.O. Box 26012, San Francisco, California 94126

DOES THE NIXON-GRAHAM THEOLOGY fit all the facts of the Bible? Read "Christianity Re-examined" by Paul Cotton, $1.50 paperback, 172 Elm Street, Geneva, Ohio 44041

Literary Services

YOUR BOOK PRINTED from well-typed manuscript. Economical. BIOGRAPHY PRESS, Rt. 1, Box 745 Aransas Pass, Texas 78336

PUBLISH YOUR OWN BOOK. We print few as 200 copies paperback, hard cover, pamphlets. Quality, economy, and cooperation. FREE Details. Graphic-copy, Box 285R, Floral Park, New York 11011.

WRITERS—"UNSALABLE" MANUSCRIPT? Try AUTHOR AID ASSOCIATES, 340 East 52nd Street, New York City 10022.

LIBRARY INFORMATION. Research by professional librarians. All fields. Box 8202R, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania 15217.

Summer Schools

TOWARDS AN ALTERNATIVE SOCIETY—Oxford Summer Schools, July 5-19, 1974. Energy / Alternative Technology / Education / Communities / Decentralisation / Distinguished Lecturers / Group Work / Visits. $250 inclusive. Information: 9 Morton Avenue, Kidlington, Oxford, England.

Foreign Studies

PHOTOGRAPHY, AIKIDO, MIME STUDIES. YGGDRASIL: Torupvej 31, 8771 Hundslund, Denmark.

LONDON THEATRE AND DANCE. July 1974. Two courses featuring shows, master classes, celebrity lectures. Three hours credit. Write: ETSP, Theatre Department, Southern Methodist University, Dallas, Texas 75275

ONCE IS NOT ENOUGH!

Special Introductory Offer

3 insertions for the price of 2

We realize that you can't test results on the basis of one week's classified ad so we will give you one week on us with your order for two weeks. Only 60¢ per word.

Please run the enclosed advertisement_____times in THE NEW REPUBLIC. Advance payment of $_____ is enclosed.

_____

_____

_____

_____

(See rates next page)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MEET RUSSIANS FACE-TO-FACE on 3-week non-political non-profit exchange visits to the USSR. Open to qualified Americans, all ages, occupations. Departures June through December. Write-Wire-Phone Citizen Exchange Corps, Dept. NR, 10 West 46th Street, New York, New York 10036. (212) 581-8113.

STUDY PROGRAMS IN FRANCE. Language, fine arts, performing arts. For information: Paris American Academy, 9 Rue des Ursulines, Paris 5.

Camps

FINALLY—INFORMAL, FUN SUMMER TRAVEL that expands awareness of diverse people, issues, places. Small groups, grades 9-12. Mostly Ex-Peace Corps/VISTA leaders. Crossroads, Hillsboro, New Hampshire 03244.

Employment Wanted

INVESTIGATIVE/FEATURE WRITER AND WRITER/PHOTOGRAPHER seeks interesting positions. Larry Chamblin, 9367 Indian Camp Road, Columbia, Maryland 21045

PEACE CORPS DIRECTOR, MA International Relations, fluent French, extensive experience in program development/administration; seeks directorship/program responsibilities in social/economic development organization. Available March 1974. Reply to: New Republic Box 6685

Employment Opportunities

ACCOUNTANT, National limited partnership, Philadephia based, developing truly multiracial housing. Over three years experience public accounting and real estate required. Strong tax background, good working knowledge accounting principles essential. Excellent growth opportunity. Equal Opportunity Employer. Send resume, salary needed to New Republic, Box 6700.

MORTGAGE EXECUTIVE, currently employed, as consultant for new Philadelphia based Mortgage Company for low interest mortgages for inter-racial housing pioneers. Possible full time post later. Send resume New Republic 6705.

TEACHER ADMINISTRATOR: Leading school, college placement sources U.S. $3.00; Foreign $4.00. Current openings list. U.S. $5.00; Foreign $5.00. EISN, Box 105, Brookline, Massachusetts 02167.

EXCITING OVERSEAS JOBS. Directory $1.00. Research Associates, Box 1167-N, Kailua, Hawaii 96734.

Spare Time

FOR FUN OR MONEY!! Permanent badges for pennies apiece. Badge-A-Minit with supplies for 25, $29.95. Illinois—5% tax. White (2GG3), R4B77-88, Belvidere, Illinois 61008.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY WRITING SHORT PARAGRAPHS. Information Free. Barrett. Dept. C-456-J. 6116 N. Clark, Chicago 60660.

Property—Sale/Rent

WASHINGTON DC NORTHWEST Beautifully furnished two bedroom apartment May 1-Nov 1 for two or three discriminating adults only. Call early evenings (202) 363-1031.

TWO LOTS, Port Charlotte, Florida. Reasonable. Write owner, 1268 Hahn Street N.E., Aiken, South Carolina 29801

ISLAND MANSION ON ENGLISH CHANNEL, $80,000. 16 rooms, superb Channel views, 5,000 square feet, sculptured ceilings; modern plumbing, electricity, heating; four fireplaces; acre of gardens, woods; low taxes. 80 miles to France, London. 90% mortgage available. Illustrated details from owner, Dr. John Bear, Westhill House, Yarmouth, Isle of Wight, England.

HOUSE HUNTERS, IS YOUR REALTOR TELLING YOU EVERYTHING HE KNOWS? For interracial neighborhoods list, write National Neighbors, 5 Longford, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19136

GOVERNMENT LANDS . . . FROM $7.50 Acre! Vacationing, Farming, Investment! Exclusive "Government Land Buyer's Guide" . . . plus "Land Opportunity Review" listing lands throughout U.S. Send $1.00. Surplus Lands, Box 6588-SM, Washington, D.C. 20009.

Vacations/Travel

RURAL SPAIN BY PRIVATE BUS—Groups of eight under escort of author Donn Pohren leave Madrid on 6-9 day swings through backwoods Spain touching local festivals and sampling local wines and foods. Write Donn Pohren, Victor Pradera 46, Madrid 8, Spain.

SLOOP FOR CHARTER. 30' Concordia design. Excellent mileage. $250 weekly. Home port, Naushon Island, Massachusetts. Write Charles Forbes, Charlemont, Massachusetts 01339.

SOMETHING NEW HAS BEEN ADDED—A Freighter Consultant for Freighter Service, offering her own personalized attention to Freighter Enthusiasts. Space on freighters is rather limited. No fee required. All inquiries answered. PEARL'S FREIGHTER TIPS, Dept. Z, P.O. Box 1185, Great Neck, New York 11023.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

WORLDWIDE FREIGHTER GUIDE—$1.75. Rates, schedules, 700 passenger carrying freighters. TravLtips, 40-21 J Bell, Bayside, New York 11361.

Arts and Crafts

BUY SILVER sheet wire/casting grain at lowest prices. Fast service via UPS. Free 28-page catalogue: jewelry-making tools, supplies, books, including silver price charts. ARE CREATIONS, Box 155U, Plainfield, Vermont 05667.

BOOKPLATES. Free catalog. Many beautiful designs. Address BOOKPLATES, Box 28F, Yellow Springs, Ohio 45387.

"GETTING STARTED IN STAINED GLASS" 50¢ Whittemore, Box 2065PP, Hanover, Mass. 02339.

CELESTIAL MAP: Professional astronomer's wall-sized chart simulates nighttime skies. Measures 6½ x 3½ feet. Shows 5,179 stars, 88 constellations, Yale Catalogue numbers, degree scale. Decorative reference tool. $9.95 postpaid. ASTROGRAPHICS, Dept. N, P.O. Box 2411, San Francisco CA 94126

JAPANESE WOODBLOCK PRINTS. Masterpieces by Utamaro, Hokusai, Hiroshige, etc. Catalog fully illustrated with 486 subjects. $8.00. Write Adachi Institute, CPO Box 362, Tokyo, Japan or Fuji Ueda, 17841 Golfview Road, Homewood, Illinois 60430.

Gourmet/Cookery

"PUMPKIN EATER" COOKBOOK. Hundreds of pumpkin recipes. $2.00. Mrs. J. Strohsahl, 10210 Baseline Road, #106-B, Alta Loma, California 91701

Sports Equipment

LIGHTWEIGHT BACKPACK AND MOUNTAINEERING EQUIPMENT. Imported, Domestic Canoes and Kayaks for day trips, voyageuring, or whitewater. Free catalog. MOOR & MOUNTAIN, Dept. 44, Main St., Concord, Mass. 07142

Records/Tapes

FREE 200-PAGE CATALOGUE offers over 1,200 fine recordings of Renaissance, Baroque, Classical, Romantic and Modern music. All stereo recordings. Highest quality at budget label prices. Available only by mail from MUSICAL HERITAGE SOCIETY, Box 932NR, New York, NY 10023.

Music

CLAVICHORDS—Unfretted, Louis XIV style, black, red and gold leaf ornamentation, ebony and ivory keys, Double strung, black lacquer, cedar soundboard, unique maple keyboard. Single strung, solid maple, cabinet finish, cherry keys. HARPSICHORDS—XVII century Italian, replica. French double, purplewood and ebony keyboard, solid clear pine, painted finish. Others. Pollens-Kenny-Ross, 7 Felice Lane, Plainview, New York 11803.

FLUTE HAYNES FRENCH OPEN HOLES low B foot; collection several hundred pieces Baroque solo and Chamber flute; music best known composers; large music library many rare books. Must quit playing. J. Jacobson, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, New York 10017. (212) 532-8888.

HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS by Sperrhake. Dependable, beautiful, moderately priced. Robert S. Taylor, 8710 Garfield Street, Bethesda, Maryland.

18TH CENTURY FRENCH HARPSICHORD in kit form. We offer an authentic replica of an antique French double manual harpsichord with four registers and buff stop. All parts accurately pre-cut and ready for assembly. Frank Hubbard, 185H Lyman Street, Waltham, Massachusetts 02154

BURTON HARPSICHORDS AND VIRGINALS—Professional instruments in kit form. Burton Jacks (Patented), $220-$795. Write Burton Harpsichords, 917 "O" Street, Box 80222NR, Lincoln, Nebraska 68501.

EASY TO PLAY AND MAKE. Quality instruments and kits: Dulcimers ($20 up), Psalteries, Banjos, Thumb Pianos; books, records, HERE, Inc., #N, 410 Cedar Ave., Minneapolis, Minnesota 55404.

CLASSIFIED RATES

Per word (single insertion) . . . . . 60¢
Per word 6 times in one contract year . . . . . 55¢
Per word 12 times in one contract year . . . . 50¢
Per word 24 times in one contract year . . . . 45¢
Per word 48 times in one contract year . . . . 40¢

Payment in Advance of Insertion Required for Less Than 24 Insertions in One Year

24 & 48 Insertions Billed Monthly with One Month's Payment in Advance

THE NEW REPUBLIC

1244 Nineteenth Street, N.W.
Washington, D. C. 20036

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RITTER LIBRARY
BALDWIN-WALLACE
COLLEGE

Fortunately, there's no shortage of good reading.

150. Pub price **$8.95**

428. Pub price **$10**

528. Pub price **$8.95**

398. MARILYN: A Biography *by* NORMAN MAILER. More than 100 photographs (Pub price **$19.95**)

TAKE ANY FOUR FOR ONLY $1

with a short trial membership in the

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB®

THE SUGGESTED TRIAL: You simply agree to buy four Club choices within a year at substantial savings on most books you choose.

Now that you have more leisure hours at your disposal, you have a wonderful opportunity to enjoy the many good books you've never had time to read. So why not join the Book-of-the-Month Club and take advantage of our introductory offer—any four of the outstanding books on this page for only $1. You'll be treating yourself and your family to many hours of pleasurable reading—and saving money too.

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, INC.
Camp Hill, Pennsylvania 17012 4-A127-3-1

Please enroll me as a member of the Book-of-the-Month Club and send me the four volumes whose numbers I have indicated in boxes below, billing me $1.00 for all four volumes. I agree to purchase at least four additional Selections or Alternates during the first year I am a member, paying in most cases special members' prices. My membership is cancelable any time after I buy these four books. A shipping charge is added to all shipments.

INDICATE BY NUMBER THE FOUR BOOKS YOU WANT

[ ] [ ] [ ] [ ]

MR. / MRS. / MISS .....
(Please print plainly)

Address .....

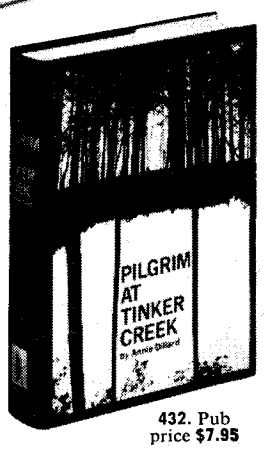
City .....

State ..... Zip .....

Important Guarantee: If, because of late mail delivery of the *News*, you should receive a Selection without having had 10 days to decide whether you want it, that Selection may be returned at Club expense.

CONVENIENCES OF MEMBERSHIP

- You will receive the Book-of-the-Month Club *News*, a literary magazine published by the Club fifteen times a year. The *News* describes the coming Selection and scores of Alternates, and will be sent to you approximately every three and a half weeks.
- If you wish to purchase the Selection, do nothing and it will be shipped to you automatically.
- If you do not want the Selection — or you would like one of the Alternates or no book at all — simply indicate your decision on the reply form always enclosed with the *News* and mail it so we receive it by the date specified.
- If you continue after your trial membership, you will earn at least one Book-Dividend® Credit for every Selection or Alternate you buy. Each Credit entitles you to choose from over 100 valuable Book-Dividends offered every year. These books will cost you a small fraction of their value: often only $1.50 (somewhat more for unusually expensive volumes or sets). This unique library-building system enables members to save 70% or more of what they would otherwise have to pay.



432. Pub price **$7.95**

234. THE OXFORD HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE *by* SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON. Illus. (Pub price **$15**)

455. Pub price **$7.95**

102. THE NEW YORK TIMES GUIDE TO HOME REPAIRS WITHOUT A MAN *by* BERNARD GLADSTONE Illustrated (Pub price **$7.95**)

132. AUGUST 1914 *by* ALEXANDER SOLZHENITSYN (Pub price **$10**)

352. REAL LACE America's Irish Rich *by* STEPHEN BIRMINGHAM. Photos (Pub price **$10**)

371. THE PROPHET *by* KAHLIL GIBRAN Illustrated. *Boxed Deluxe Edition* (Pub price **$10**)

217. Pub price **$6.95**

524. KIND AND USUAL PUNISHMENT: The Prison Business *by* JESSICA MITFORD (Pub price **$7.95**)

114. EINSTEIN The Life and Times *by* RONALD W. CLARK. Photos (Pub price **$15**)

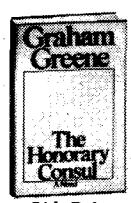
296. HOW TO BE YOUR OWN BEST FRIEND *by* MILDRED NEWMAN *and* BERNARD BERKOWITZ *with* JEAN OWEN (Pub price **$4.95**)

537. Pub price **$12.50**

523. THE FIRST DEADLY SIN *by* LAWRENCE SANDERS (Pub price **$8.95**)

543. THE SECRET LIFE OF PLANTS *by* PETER TOMPKINS *and* CHRISTOPHER BIRD. (Pub price **$8.95**)

244. THE NEW YORK TIMES COOK BOOK *by* CRAIG CLAIBORNE Illustrated (Pub price **$9.95**)



514. Pub price **$7.95**

179. THE PRINCESS BRIDE *by* WILLIAM GOLDMAN (Pub price **$7.95**)

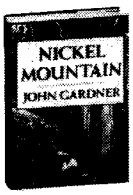
501. THE AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER'S HANDBOOK *by* AARON SUSSMAN 1973 Edition. Illus. (Pub price **$8.95**)

546. TO EVERYTHING THERE IS A SEASON *by* THALASSA CRUSO (Pub price **$6.95**)

545. CROMWELL The Lord Protector *by* ANTONIA FRASER Photographs (Pub price **$12.50**)

415. WORLD WITHOUT END, AMEN *by* JIMMY BRESLIN (Pub price **$6.95**)

312. THE ONION FIELD *by* JOSEPH WAMBAUGH (Pub price **$8.95**)



542. Pub price **$6.95**

197. Pub price **$9.95**

511. W. C. FIELDS BY HIMSELF *Edited by* RONALD J. FIELDS Illustrated (Pub price **$10**)

326. LOCKED ROOMS AND OPEN DOORS Diaries and Letters 1933-1935 *by* ANNE MORROW LINDBERGH. Photos (Pub price **$7.95**)

207. THE HAMMOND WORLD ATLAS (Pub price **$12**)

540. THE ANATOMY OF HUMAN DESTRUCTIVENESS *by* DR. ERICH FROMM (Pub price **$10.95**)

461. THE LIFE AND DEATH OF ADOLF HITLER *by* ROBERT PAYNE Photographs (Pub price **$12.95**)

233. Pub price **$7.95**

260. THE OXFORD DICTIONARY OF QUOTATIONS (Pub price **$12.50**)

572. THE SATURDAY NIGHT SPECIAL *by* ROBERT SHERRILL Illustrated (Pub price **$8.95**)

236. HUMAN SEXUALITY *by* JAMES LESLIE MC CARY 2nd edition (Pub price **$14.50**)

267. THE SALAMANDER *by* MORRIS WEST (Pub price **$7.95**)

123. THE ORGANIC GARDENER *by* CATHARINE OSGOOD FOSTER. Illustrated (Pub price **$7.95**)

These three volumes count as one book
169. COME TO ME IN SILENCE, AND TO EACH SEASON, LISTEN TO THE WARM *by* ROD MC KUEN (Pub prices total **$14.40**)

All books distributed by the BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB are identical to the publishers' editions in content, format, size and quality

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MAR 1 3 1974